

toward the close of their second day's journey, they approached an ancient and almost princely edifice; 'but does our road lie through the park?'

'Not exactly through the park,' he replied, 'but I thought my Lucy might like to see these fine grounds, and the house and gardens. I have known the gardener and housekeeper for years; and I am sure we shall find them very civil, and willing to show us any little attention in their power, and we have time enough though the sun is getting low, for we are just at home.'

Lucy was delighted. She had never seen a nobleman's house before, she said.

'Well! all those large rooms, and the pictures, and all the fine furniture are very grand,' said Lucy, 'but my eyes ache with looking at them; I like this garden a great deal better. What a beautiful one it is! But may we sit down in this arbour of honeysuckle so near the house?'

Lucy sat in silence for some little time, gazing round her at the venerable house, and the trees and gardens; at length, she said, 'I wonder if the lord of this grand place is happy? Is the Earl of Derby a good man, dear husband? Is he kind and free-spoken to the poor? Is he a married man?' she added, looking with a smile of peculiar sweetness in her husband's face.

'How many questions you have given me to answer, Lucy! Let me consider! Yes, he is a married man; he married, not many months ago, a young country-girl, such another as yourself, dear Lucy.'

'Poor thing!' said Lucy, and she sighed from her very heart.

'Why do you sigh, my own wife?' he demanded. 'Do you envy that poor country maiden?'

'Do I envy her?' she replied, in a voice of tender reproach; 'what a strange question! Do I envy any one?' and as she said this, she drew more closely round her the arm which encircled her slender waist; 'would I exchange my husband with any one!' she added, looking up tenderly and lovingly into his face; 'I sighed in pity for the poor young lady, (for a lady she is now) such a change is enough to turn her head!'

'Would it turn yours, Lucy?' he said.

'Perhaps it might!' she said, in the simplest and most natural manner. 'But is she really happy? Does she love him for himself alone?'

'My sweet Lucy,' he began, and as he spoke, his wife thought that he had never seemed so tenderly respectful toward her; 'My sweet Lucy, you alone can answer these last questions; you smile! I see you look amazed upon me; but I repeat it, you alone!'

'But first, said Lucy, very artlessly, 'I must be lady here; you must make me countess of Derby!'

She had scarcely said this, when, from one of the castle turrets, a bell began to toll: Clifford rose up instantly, and, without saying a word, led his wife up to the castle. They entered the chapel there, in which the servants and the tenants had all assembled, and the chaplain was preparing to commence the evening service; then, leading the wondering Lucy into the midst of them, he presented her to them as their future mistress, the countess of Derby, his wife.

Lucy did not speak; she could scarcely stand; the color forsook her face, and she looked as one about to faint. She stared first at her husband, and then at the domestics around her, and at last she began to comprehend every thing. Eagerly she seized her husband's hand, which she had dropped in her surprise, now affectionately extended to

her; then, *with an effort that was very visible*, but which gave new interest to her in the eyes of all present, she regained somewhat of her natural and modest self-possession, and, raising her innocent face, she courtesied to the ground, and met the respectful greeting of those around her with smiles, which, perhaps, spoke more at once to the heart than the best wisdom of words. The Earl of Derby led his wife to his own seat, and placed her beside him.

Lucy knelt down upon a cushion of embroidered velvet, with the sculptured escutcheons, and stately banners of the house of Derby above her; but, perhaps, of all the high-born dames of that ancient family, none ever knelt there with a purer heart, or with a humbler spirit than that LOWLY LADY.

For the Traveller.

### THE PAST.

Inscribed to G. W. L.

BY C. A. F.

Although the path of Life be bright,  
And placid are its dreams,  
Though Hope, with visions of delight,  
Around the spirit gleams—  
Yet oh! it loves to wander back  
To moments that were dear,  
And find, within that sunny track,  
Youth's gladness and its tear!

Though Absence bids thy lip now breathe  
No sweet response to mine,  
Yet still my spirits love to wreath  
A spell at memory's shrine.  
The love that waked a feeling deep,  
The smile that lit thy brow,  
After years, this heart will keep  
Inviolate as now.

Then fancy not the voice of song  
May steal such dreams away.  
Or that the gladness of the throng  
Can make this bosom gay.  
More true and more serenely sweet,  
That Hope shall still appear,  
Which wakes a smile whene'er we meet,  
And, when we part, a tear.

Such is the Love whose feelings warm  
The heart that throbs for thee.  
A Love, which, through Life's darkest storm,  
Unchanged shall ever be;  
Though Time may mar each outward scene,  
And Absence may estrange  
The fickle heart—that love serene  
Shall never meet a change.

**HUMOROUS EXTRACT.**—I travelled by stage, last fall, from Dayton to Cincinnati. I had but one companion—an eastern gentleman; and much of our conversation was upon the history, resources, people and peculiarities, of the West. At Hamilton a third person joined us. This was a Kentucky Drover, who was returning from "a jaunt east over into Illinois and Indiana." He was rude—but as frank and whole-souled a fellow as you will meet once in a long time.

While rolling rapidly over the rich bottom land immediately this side of Hamilton, my eastern companion and myself recommenced our conversation on western subjects. Our new friend did not listen to us long in silence. Perceiving that I knew something about matters and things in the back-woods, he addressed himself to me.

"May be you've been over in Hoosherland, in your day, stranger?"

"Yes—once."

"Well—aint they cautious out thar, anyhow?"

The eastern gentleman smiled. He had before him a visible illustration of one topic of our previous conversation.

I slid into the drover's mood, as easily as he had slipped into our conversation.

"Rough exteriors, but generous hearts."

"You may well say that, stranger. Naterally, I aint rawboned; but you see I h'aint got much flesh on my bones to brag of now; and my skin's like the backside of bacon-ham, and my hair as crisped and frizzled as a nigger's!"

"Or as the side locks of some of our ladies that you may have noticed, when you passed through the city last spring."

"Exactly—ha! ha! ha! Your ladies!"

"But we mustn't forget our neighbors of Hoosherland."

"No. Well—may be you'd like to hear how I became as lean as a Jersey pig. You see, I was down in the Wabash country; and the Fever and Ager cotech me there; and between the two, they shuck and burnt all the flesh off my body, and tried to make leather of my skin and nigger's wool of my hair. They kept me down four weeks, cool; but they found my joints too well put together to be shuck to pieces by a trifle. So I got my feet again, and am going back to Kentucky, scamper.—Four weeks we had it, rough and tumble; and we was purty well matched, I tell you; for one day I would be master, and the next the rascals would have me down again; but they couldn't hold me still enough, for I kept rolling and grinning, and shaking all the time. But two on one was n't fair play; I couldn't stand it; and, stranger, may be I did n't get purty — sick of the scrape before we got through. I'd sooner take hold of two chaps from among the knobs, any time. And they're the very devil, every body knows. Well, we had our bout—that is, I and the rascally Fever and Ager—at a worthy old Hoosher farmer's in the Wabash country.

I was kept there five weeks; and when I asked for my bill, if you'll take my word for't, the kind old codger wouldn't take a shilling. 'I had n't been much trouble—was welcome to what I'd had—might make the young'uns a present, if I chose—never charged a stranger nuthen for a night or two's lodging—could n't think of turning his house into a tavern.' So the old man stepped out; and I began to look about for the urchins that were not big enough to be at work. There were three fine white haired boys—Shem, Ham and Japhet—and a pale, delicate little girl—Ruth; I gave Ruth my breast pin, and Japhet my penknife, and Ham (who was the school boy) my ever point pencil, and Shem (the eldest) my watch; and such a bobbing of heads, and scraping of feet, and glistening of eyes, as there was among the little flock, I never see; when I stooped down to kiss little Ruthy, my heart, I tell you, fluttered about every which way, and felt entirely too big for its cage. What's o'clock, stranger, seeing as I've no time-teller now?"

"Almost four."

"We shall get in late. Whoop, driver—hallo! Reckon your team's taking a nap!"

"Guess your tongue is n't bothered much in that way," muttered the driver. 'Twas well the Kentuckian did not hear him.

And so we rolled along to the city much pleased with the company of the jolly-hearted Kentuckian.

**AN EXTRAORDINARY DWARF.**—The name of this dwarf was Baby, and he was well known, having spent the greatest part of his life at Lunenville, in the palace of Stanislaus, the titular king of Poland. He was born in the year 1741, at the village of Plaisne, in France. His father and mother were peasants, both of good constitution, and inured to a life of husbandry.

Baby, when born, weighed but a pound and a quarter; his dimensions, therefore, were very small, for he was presented on a plate to be baptised, and for a long time lay in a slipper. His mouth, although proportioned to the rest of his body, was not, at that time, large enough to take in the nipple; and he was therefore obliged to be suckled by a she-goat, that was in the house, and that served as a nurse, attending to his cries with a kind of natural fondness. He began to articulate some words when about eighteen months old; and at two years he was able to walk alone. He was then fitted with shoes that were about an inch and a half long.

He was attacked with several acute disorders, but the small pox was the only one which left any marks behind. Until he was six years old he ate no other food but pulse, potatoes, and bacon.—His father and mother could afford him no better nourishment, and his education was very limited. At this age he was fifteen inches high, and weighed thirteen pounds. Notwithstanding this he was proportioned and handsome; his health was good, but his understanding scarce passed the bounds of instinct. It was at this time that the King of Poland, having heard of such a curiosity, had him conveyed to Lunenville, gave him the name of Baby, and kept him in his palace.

Baby, having thus quitted the hard condition of a peasant, to enjoy all the comforts and conveniences of life, received no alteration from his new way of living, either in mind or person.

His constitution was good till about the age of sixteen; he grew slowly, and his stupidity was such that all instructions were vain to improve his understanding. He never could be brought to have any sense of religion, nor even to show the least signs of reasoning faculties. They attempted to teach him dancing and music, but he never could make any thing of music; and as for dancing, though he beat time tolerably exact, yet he could never remember the figure but while the dancing master directed his motions. His mind, though destitute of knowledge, was not without its passions—anger and jealousy harassed it at times, nor was he without other emotions.

At the age of sixteen Baby was twenty inches tall; at this he rested, and being now mature, old age came fast upon him. From being very beautiful the little creature became quite deformed: his strength quite forsook him, his backbone began to bend, his head hung forward, his legs grew weak, one of his shoulders turned awry, and his nose grew disproportionably long. With his strength, his natural spirits also forsook him; and by the time he was twenty he was grown feeble, decrepid, and marked with the strongest impressions of old age. Some had remarked that he would die of old age before he arrived at thirty; and, in fact, by the time he was twenty two, he could scarcely walk a hundred paces, being worn out with the multitude of years, and bent under the burden of protracted life. In this year he died; a cold, attended with a slight fever, threw him into a kind of lethargy, which had a few momentary intervals; but he could scarcely be brought to

speak. However, it is asserted, that in the five last days of his life, he shewed a clearer understanding than the time of his best health : but at length he died, having endured great agonies, in the twenty second year of his age.

**REMARKABLE CRUELTY IN A CHILD.**—A late number of a French Periodical gives an interesting account of a case of remarkable cruelty in a child.—The circumstances resemble somewhat the case of Major Mitchell of Portland, the boy whom our readers will recollect was lately sentenced to seven years hard labor in the State prison, for wanton cruelty to a school fellow. Our readers will also recollect that the counsel for Mitchell, John Neal, labored hard but unsuccessfully in this case to introduce the science of Phrenology into the Courts of Justice, the boy's head being of a peculiar formation—the organ of Destructiveness being unusually large.\*

Honorine Gillois, a girl, hardly eleven years of age, was tried before the Court of Assize in the Department of L'Orne, on the charge of having, within the short space of four days, thrown into a deep well, two infant children belonging to the neighbors, and having attempted to drown a third, in a fountain, who was nearly of the same age and size with herself !

It appeared in evidence, that she was born of parents in the lowest grade of society, who had never instructed her in morality or religion. Her father treated her with great brutality, and her mother neglected to cultivate her mind. It further appeared that Honorine evinced a cruel disposition even in her earliest childhood. She seemed to delight in tormenting her playmates ; to throw dust in their eyes, or to rub their naked limbs with nettles, constituted a principal source of her amusement.

When she was asked by the presiding Judge, why she attempted to throw Emile Gouchaud into the fountain, when the little girl was quenching her thirst, she answered, "Because I wished to drown her." The spectators shuddered, and her counsel alarmed for the consequences said, that she had not understood the question proposed.—"I understood the question perfectly," rejoined Honorine, calmly, "and I repeat that it was my intention to drown the little Emile."

During the examination of the witnesses, the prisoner viewed the proceedings of the Court with great indifference, but when the counsel for the government in his closing remarks compared her to Papavoine and Leger—wretches who had been convicted of the most horrible cruelties, Honorine listened with attention, her eyes sparkled, and she showed symptoms of deep feeling.

In the course of her trial, several physicians were called upon to testify with regard to her physical condition, and her moral accountability. After a deliberate investigation, they expressed an opinion that to judge from the answers which she gave to questions, as well as from the *conformation of her cranium*, she was not deficient in intellect, but that according to the principles of the celebrated Dr. Gall, the *organs of SECRETIVENESS and DESTRUCTIVENESS were monstrously developed !*

\*The science of Phrenology has been introduced into the French Courts in several instances, and has been acknowledged as a science by several eminent members of the Bar, among others the celebrated Dupin, now President of the Chamber of Deputies.—*Merc. Jour.*

She was *condemned to an imprisonment of twenty years.*

### THE MINSTREL GIRL.

She leaned against her favorite tree,  
The golden sunlight melting through  
The twined branches, as the free  
And easy pinioned breezes flew  
Around the bloom and greenness there,  
Awaking all to life and motion,  
Like unseen spirits sent to bear  
Earth's perfumes to the barren ocean—  
That ocean lay before her then  
Like a broad lustre, to send back  
The scattered beams of day again  
To burn along its sunset track ;  
And broad and beautiful it shone,  
As quickened by some spiritual breath,  
Its very waves seemed dancing on  
To music whispered underneath.

And there she leaned—that minstrel girl !  
The breeze's kiss was soft and meek,  
Where coral melted into pearl  
On parted lip and glowing cheek ;  
Her dark and lifted eye had caught  
Its lustre from the spirit's gem ;  
And round her brow the light of thought  
Was like an angel's diadem ;  
For genius, as a living coal  
Had touched her lip and heart with flame,  
And on the altar of her soul  
The fire of inspiration came,  
And early she had learned to love  
Each holy charm to nature given—  
The changing earth, the skies above,  
Were prompters to her dreams of Heaven !  
She loved the earth—the streams that wind  
Like music from its hills of green—  
The stirring boughs above them twined—  
The shifting light and shade between—  
The fall of waves—the fountain's gush—  
The sigh of winds—the music heard  
At eventide, from air and bush—  
The minstrelsy of leaf and bird.  
But chief she loved the sunset sky—  
Its golden clouds like curtains drawn  
To form the gorgeous canopy  
Of monarchs to their slumbers gone !  
The sun went down—and, broad and red  
One moment, on the burning wave,  
Rested his front of fire to shed  
A glory round his ocean grave ;  
And sunset, far and gorgeous hung  
A banner from the wall of heaven—  
A wave of living glory, flung  
Along the shadowy verge of even,

For the Traveller.

**A FRAGMENT.**—As the spirit of Life hovered over the dwellings of men, he became weary and dispirited ; for the pestilence had been abroad in the earth, and desolation and mourning followed in its train. So unpluming his wings, the spirit rested awhile in a sweet, lone spot ; and as he rested, the spirit of Death passed by. But pausing in his flight, to gaze on the freshness and beauty which the presence of the quickening spirit inspired around, he perceived his rival, and alighted in a moment by his side. Casting a proud look of triumph on the wearied spirit, he thus addressed him :

'Now, Angel of Life, now must thou acknowledge my power. Look abroad over the whole earth,—behold her waste places,—everywhere you may see trophies of my victory ; mine is the empire. The contest was long between the Angel of Life, and the Angel of Death ;—Lo ! I am triumphant !'

And the Angel of Life answered in subdued, but firm tones: 'Great is the desolation where-with thou hast desolated this earth, O dread Angel! but I *acknowledge not thy power;—thou art not the victor*; O no! thou art not; the contest is not yet ended. When next we meet, *mine* is the victory.' And, unfurling his bright pinions, he fled swiftly away.

'*Mine!*' muttered the spirit of Death, and resumed his flight.

\* \* \* \* In a darkened chamber, tenderly and anxiously a mother watched by her babe newborn. She moistened its parched lip, and wiped the dampness from its fevered brow. And the spirit of Life fluttered near, struggling fearfully to maintain his throne in that slight infant frame; but the spirit of Death cast a withering blight upon it, and the struggle ceased. Life had *apparently* yielded to Death.

The deep, hollow voice of the Destroying Angel first broke the silence: '*Mine* is the victory!'

The face of the quickening Spirit was illuminated, and his pinions shone with a dazzling radiance, as he answered: '*Mine* is the victory, *mine!* List awhile, dread Spirit, and other lips than these shall proclaim it to thee!'

And the mother knelt by the chill frame of her babe, with its hand close pressed in hers;—the anguish of her heart was at first too strong for utterance; but she firmly checked the feeling of resistance, and thus gave up the spirit to its God: 'I thank Thee, O Father, that Thou hast taken from me this bud of promise; that Thou hast transplanted it to that blessed region, where it will blossom and bear fruit to Thy glory forever! I thank Thee that, *through death*, the spirit of my babe has entered on a *life immortal—eternal!* Father, Thy will be done!'

\* \* \* \* The Angel of Death disappeared in thick gloom, while his rival Spirit kept watchful vigil over the habitations of men.

\* \* \* \* Again the opposing spirits met—it was a death-bed scene—and Death gazed in triumph attentively at his victim, and the spirit of Life, who hovered near on drooping wing. It was the death-bed of a Christian Mother. Amid the agonies of her last hour, she blessed her offspring in the name of her Savior. It was her last earthly thought;—then, with calm voice, she gave thanks to God for the *gift of immortal life—the hope of resurrection* through faith in the Redeemer!

The Destroyer fled, discomfited; while the Angel of Life soared with the freed spirit to the gates of Heaven.

\* \* \* \* Once again the Angels of Life and Death met side by side. An aged man rested peacefully from his toil. And the spirit of Death said:

'Again! O bright Angel, thou shalt not overcome me. Life is as sweet to the grey-haired veteran, as to happy youth, or vigorous manhood;—and he who lies before us, is not *now* prepared for me.'

As he spoke, he aimed his unerring dart. The Angel of Life gazed sadly on the victim, as he awakened to the stern conflict. For a moment, he was conscious that 'his hour was come;—and tho' it came suddenly, as a 'thief in the night,' he *was prepared for it*;—he had not neglected the command, 'watch and pray.' The dying man had not a thought for the *dissolution of his earthly tabernacle*;—the *hope of eternal life was stronger than death*, and the words he uttered in the last throes of expiring nature were: '*O Death! where is thy victory?*'

And the Angel of Life said to the Angel of Death: 'Judge now between me and thee;—which is most worthy the victor's name—he who destroys the weak tenement of the spirit, or he who quickens anew that spirit, released from earthly fetters, and prepares it for a never-ending existence?'

And the Angel of Death paid homage to the Angel of Life, as he said: '*Thine is the victory forever!*'—and sped away on rapid and noiseless wing.

And evermore they execute *silently and faithfully* their respective offices by the bed of the dying. 'The one consigns the body to the dust from whence it came;—the other quickens the spirit to *continued endless existence* in the world beyond the grave.

W\*\*\*\*\*th, 1835.

M. T. W.

#### COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE OF WASHINGTON.—

'It was in 1758 that an officer, attired in a military undress, and attended by a body servant, tall and militiae as his chief, crossed the ferry called Williams, over the Pomunkey, a branch of the York river. On the boat touching the southern or New Kent side, the soldier's progress was arrested by one of those personages, who give the beam ideal of the Virginia gentleman of the old regime, the very soul of kindness and hospitality. It was in vain the soldier urged his business at Williamsburg, important communications to the governor, &c. Mr. Chamberlayne, on whose domain the militiae had just landed, would hear of no excuse. Col. WASHINGTON was a name and character so dear to all the Virginians, that his passing by one of the old Castles of Virginia, without calling and partaking of the hospitalities of the host, was entirely out of the question.—The colonel, however, did not surrender at discretion, but stoutly maintained his ground till Chamberlayne bringing up his reserve, in the intimation that he would introduce his friend to a young and charming widow, then beneath his roof; the soldier capitulated, on condition that he should dine. Only dine, and then, by pressing his charger and borrowing of the night, he would reach Williamsburg before his excellency could shake off his morning slumbers.—Orders were accordingly issued to Bishop, the colonel's body servant and faithful follower, who, together with the fine English Charger, had been bequeathed by the dying Braddock to Major Washington, on the famed and fatal field of the Monongahela. Bishop, bred in the school of European discipline, raised his hand to his cap, as much as to say, "Your honor's orders shall be obeyed."

The colonel now proceeded to the mansion, and was introduced to various guests, (for when was a Virginian domicil of the olden time without guests?) and above all, to the charming widow. Tradition relates that they were mutually pleased on this their first interview—nor is it remarkable; they were of an age when impressions are the strongest. The lady was fair to behold, of fascinating manners, and splendidly endowed with worldly benefits. The hero, fresh from his early fields, redolent of fame and with a form on which "every god did seem to set his seal, to give the world assurance of a man."

The morning passed pleasantly away, evening came, with Bishop, true to his orders and firm at his post, holding the favorite charger with the one hand while [the] other was waiting to offer the ready stirrup. The sun sunk in the horizon, and yet the colonel appeared not. And then the

soldier marvelled at his chief's delay. "'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange'"—surely he was not wont to be a single moment behind his appointments, for he was the most punctual of all men.

Meantime, the host enjoyed the scene of the veteran on duty at the gate, while the colonel was so agreeably employed in the parlor; and proclaiming that no guest ever left his house at sunset, his military visitor was, without much difficulty, persuaded to order Bishop to put up the horses for the night. The sun rode high in the heavens the ensuing day, when the enamored soldier pressed with his spur his charger's side, and speeded on his way to the seat of government, where having despatched his public business, he retraced his steps, and, at the White House, the engagement took place, with preparations for the marriage.

And much hath the biographer heard of that marriage, from gray-haired domestics, who waited at the board where Love made the feast and Washington was the guest. And rare and high was the revelry at that pulmy period of Virginia's festal age; for many were gathered to that marriage, of the good and great, the gifted, and they, while Virginia, with joyous acclamation, hailed in her youthful hero a prosperous and happy bridegroom.

"And so you remember when Colonel Washington came a courting of your mistress?" said the biographer to old Cully, in his hundredth year. "Aye, master, that I do," replied his ancient family servant, who had lived to see five generations; "great times, sir, great times! Shall never see the like again!" "And Washington looked something like a man, a proper man; hey, Cully?"—"Never seed the like sir; never the likes of him, tho' I have seen many in my day, so tall, so straight! and then he sat on a horse and rode with such air! Ah, sir, he was like no one else!—Many of the grandest gentlemen, in their gold lace, were at the wedding—but none looked like the man himself!" Strong indeed, must have been the impressions which the manner of Washington made upon the rude, "unfledged mind" of this poor negro, since the lapse of three quarters of a century had not sufficed to efface them.

The precise date of the marriage the biographer has been unable to discover, having in vain searched among the records of the vestry of St. Peter's church, New Kent, of which the Rev. Mr. Munson, a Cambridge scholar, was the rector, and performed the ceremony, it is believed, about 1759. A short time after their marriage, Colonel and Mrs. Washington removed to Mount Vernon on the Potomac, and permanently settled there.—*Life of Mrs. Martha Washington.*

**SPANISH WEST INDIA PLANTER.**—Riding out one afternoon in the country, I was overtaken by one of those sudden showers of rain so common in tropical climates. I fled for shelter to the nearest house, which happened to be the cottage of a poor Xivaro. It was on a slope of a little hill, surrounded by plainland trees, which did not appear to be carefully cultivated; and a large patch of sweet potatoes close by. I placed my horse without ceremony under the projecting roof. I entered the humble dwelling with the usual salute, which is the same as in Ireland, "God save all here;" which was courteously answered by the man of the house, who seemed to be about forty years of age. He was dressed in a check shirt and wide linen drawers. He was coiled up in a hammock of such small dimensions that his body was

actually doubled in two; one foot rested on the ground, with which he propelled the hammock to and fro; and at intervals with his great toe he turned a large sweet potato, which was roasting on a few embers placed on a flag on the ground close to him, and which no doubt was intended for his evening meal. He had a guitar in his hand, from which he produced sounds which appeared to me discordant, but seemed to please him exceedingly. On my entrance he turned on his side and offered me the hammock, which, of course, I refused to accept. Two small children, perfectly naked, were swinging to and fro in another small hammock and greedily devouring large roasted plantains. The woman of the house was squatted on the floor, feeding four game-cocks, which were lodged in the best part of the house, while the husband every now and then would warn her not to give them too much corn or too much water.—They received me with an urbanity unknown to the peasantry of northern Europe. They placed a large leaf of the palm over my saddle to protect it from the rain; and pressed me to sit down in the kindest manner. The host was very communicative: he gave me the whole pedigree of his game-cocks, and enumerated the battles they had won. He pointed one out to me which he said was 'a most delicate bird,' an expression made use of by the Xivaros to denote its great value; and he concluded by offering it to me as a present.—Indeed, a Xivaro would form a very poor opinion of a person who could not discuss the merits of a game-cock. On going away they offered me their cabin with as much politeness as if it had been a palace, and hoped to see me again. I was forcibly struck with the native courtesy of these people; and it gratified me to observe the content and happiness they enjoy, without a thought for the present or a care for the future,—without wants, without wishes, without ambition.—*Flinter's Account of Puerto Rico.*

#### AN INCIDENT AT ALGIERS,

DURING THE VISIT OF DECATUR'S SQUADRON IN 1815.

The bay of Algiers is one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. The harbor is in a semi-circular form, at the further recess of which the city rises gently from the sea; and her white walls, flat roofs and terraces, from the narrowness of the streets, seem, from the seaside, joined together until they reach the surrounding hills—which are crowned with vineyards, and form altogether a striking and picturesque amphitheatre. On the western point of this harbor, a neck of land projects into the sea, and on its extremity is built one of the strongest castles for the protection of the place. It was from the guns of this castle, that in a few months after the period of which I am speaking, the ship commanded by Admiral Milne, in the gallant attack of Lord Exmouth, suffered so severely. Close in with this fort our boats were obliged to pass on their way from our ships to the landing.

Delightful as was the appearance of all this to the eye, yet from our early recollections of blood and crime connected with the history of the place, we beheld it but as a "whitened sepulchre," and the intimation that we were soon to sail for the ulterior objects of our expedition, was received, I believe, with general satisfaction.

A constant intercourse had been established between the Squadron and the shore from the moment when our difficulties with the Dey had been

landers, are here faithfully described, and present a picture which can hardly be considered inferior to those which have been drawn by the hand of the immortal Scott. Excepting the gloomy character of Allan, we think no one will be disappointed with the characters of those who are introduced in these volumes; and even his is a powerful sketch, and one that displays the peculiar genius of Gleig.

**THE ELEPHANT.**—At our first visit to the Grand Zoological exhibition, we commenced taking notes, with the zebras, at the left of the entrance; and in the course of the winter have extended our walks quite around the spacious hall until we have reached the specimen nearest the door on the right—the animal that surpasses all others in magnitude and strength, that is more gentle and tractable than most others, and that in sagacity and docility is not excelled by any, excepting perhaps the dog.

The Elephant Mogul was imported late in the season, last year, and having suffered much from a long sea voyage, was reduced in weight, feeble in strength, and disfigured in appearance by bruises and attrition of the skin. During the few remaining weeks of the travelling season, however, he improved vastly in every respect, and came into winter quarters, with few traces of his suffering on the voyage. His growth during the winter has been truly astonishing, averaging more than a hundred pounds a month. Late in November he weighed nearly sixty hundred, and now he depresses the scale at sixty-five hundred pounds. The trunk is a most singular appendage of the Elephant, and one of the most wonderful instruments that Nature has bestowed on any of her creatures, being little inferior in flexibility and utility even to the hand of man. This organ, composed of a number of flexible rings, forms a double tube, ending in a circular tip, somewhat flattened, and furnished with a projecting point or fleshy moveable hook, like a finger, of exquisite sensibility, and so pliable that by means of it the animal can pick up almost the smallest objects from the ground.

This trunk is the principal organ of breathing to the Elephant, terminating in two orifices which are the nostrils; by means of it he supplies himself with food and drink, laying hold of the one and sucking up the other, with this tube and conveying it to his mouth. The feet terminate in five rounded toes; the tail is of moderate length, tipped by a few scattered hairs, very thick and of a black color. The general color of the skin is a dusky or blackish brown; but in some parts of India Elephants are found of a white color, though it is a rare occurrence.

The anecdotes of Mogul, were they preserved, would make a long chapter, and interest all classes of readers. Two or three extraordinary incidents have already been mentioned in the newspapers,

and scarce a day passes, but something almost as wonderful occurs, as seeking the fair owner of a lost card case, or arousing his keeper at midnight, to obtain his forgotten evening meal. During the little time we were present gathering materials for this article, the keeper brought to Mogul a basket of oats, and dipping out a quart or two while under his eye, carried them to the poney in another part of the building. On his return, the keeper experienced the displeasure of the Elephant, who suddenly gave him a smart blow with his trunk on the left cheek, just below the eye, wounding the flesh and starting the blood immediately. The keeper heretofore, had taken the few oats not intended for the Elephant, before the basket was brought out; but in this instance not heeding the caution, he was sensibly reminded of his neglect. Mogul, however, is usually gentle, obedient, tractable, patient of management, and submits to every kind of exercise for the gratification of visitors. His performances in the ring would scarcely be credited, were they not daily witnessed by hundreds. A word or a look is sufficient to stimulate him to the greatest exertions. He caresses his master in his best manner, and will not so readily obey another person. He knows his voice, and can distinguish between the terms of command, of commendation and of anger. He receives his orders with attention, and executes them cheerfully, though with great deliberation. All his motions are grave, majestic, regular and cautious, partaking in character somewhat of the gravity of his body. He kneels on either side, raises his master to his back with his trunk or tusks as directed; reclines at length in the ring, or walks over the prostrate body of the keeper at the proper bidding. This last scene is one of the most impressive we have ever witnessed. From the situation of his eyes, he cannot see his fore-feet, and calculate the distance to the object over which he is to pass without injury; so he carefully measures the space back and forth with his trunk, then divides the distance so accurately that the last step before reaching the body is just near enough to afford him opportunity, with a long stride, to accomplish his feat to the wonder of every beholder. All this is done with so much care and wisdom, that it would seem to proceed from a higher impulse than that of mere animal instinct.

Mogul is a great traveller, and notwithstanding his weakness last fall, kept pace with the best horses of the company. In one instance, when proceeding from one town to another, he became frightened, and started off suddenly with such rapidity as to get entirely beyond the reach of his two keepers who were mounted on fleet horses.—He ran nearly six miles in thirty minutes, and then quietly jogged on as though nothing had happened. It was his custom in the autumn when passing orchards of tempting fruit, deliberately to remove two

or three of the upper rails of the fence, and stepping over, to make a meal of the finest apples; and then, without direction from his master, to return to the road and pursue his route. In descending steep hills he practices all the art of an experienced wagoner. The pressure of his weight in these cases is so great, that he uniformly resists the attraction of gravitation as much as possible, by bracing his fore-legs and moving them very slowly and cautiously, while he throws out his hind-legs, (letting himself down,) and literally drags them after him down the hill.

For the Traveller.

TO FRANK.

BY O. W. W.

Fu' weel I ken the thoughts o' Truth  
Which on thy heart are breaking,  
The Principles of early youth,  
Thy bosom ne'er forsaking;  
As fresh, as when in Boyhood's hour  
Thy foot was on the heather,  
Hath Virtue kept her precious flower,  
Through fair an' darksome weather.

Man canna meet the saft perfume,  
O' Spring's wild flowers forever,  
Nor aye expect the Summer's bloom  
To smile upon Life's river;  
For Disappointment's sterner blast  
Comes often unimpeded,  
And Hope lies sleepin' wi' the Past,  
When maist her light is needed.

Some darksome clouds thine eye hath met,  
An' mony may be meetin',  
An' thou may'st prove, ere Life hath set,  
That Pleasure aye is fleetin';  
Yet still, my friend, O treasure weel,  
Mair sweet than Summer's beauty,  
A Heart that can for ither feel,  
That woos the path o' Duty.

The gold, that glitters on the eye,  
May prove a soulless treasure,  
An' Wealth may rather wake a sigh,  
Than gie the spirit pleasure;  
But Friendship, an' the magic thrill  
Which frae her light we borrow,  
Wi' bless us, an' gae with us still,  
In hours an' days o' sorrow.

Then, gin thou hast a faithfu' friend,  
And aye who lo'es thee dearly,  
Letna a very trifle end  
The love which warmed thee airly.  
Unto thyself be ever true,  
Unto the world kind-hearted,  
And Age shall find hopes bright an' new,  
When Youth's hae a' departed.

**ANIMAL INSTINCT.**—A seaman belonging to the wood-party of a ship upon the coast of Africa, had straggled with his companions, and was using his axe freely in the woods when a large lioness approached him face to face. The man, for the first moments, gave himself up for lost; but very soon afterwards he began to perceive that the manner and expression of countenance of the lioness was mild, and even mournful, and that he had no danger to apprehend from her. She looked at him, and then behind her, and upward into the trees, and went a few steps from him upon the path by which she came; and then returned, and went again, and acted, in short, much as a dog would

act that wished you to follow him. The seaman yielded to her obvious desire, and she led him some little distance, till, near the foot of a tall tree, she stopped, and looked up, with plaintive cries, into its branches. The seaman, directed by her eyes and gestures, looked upward also, and soon discovered, at a considerable height, an ape, dandling and playing with a cub lion, which he had carried thither for his amusement. The wants and wishes of the lioness were now easily understood.—The lion species, though usually reckoned among the species of cat, differ absolutely from it in this, as in many other particulars, that it cannot ascend a tree; a distinction, by the way, which ought to satisfy us at once of the error of those who talk to us of lions in America, where in reality there is no lion, and where the puma and jaguar, which they call lions, so readily ascend a tree. But equally in vain would it have been for the sailor to climb after the cub; for the ape, at best, would have enjoyed the frolic of leaping with his plaything from branch to branch, or from tree to tree, as he approached. The only chance, therefore, was to fell the tree, before the ape, seated near its top, should have the sagacity to provide against the effect of the strokes of the axe at its bottom. To work, therefore, he went—the lioness, which had seen other trees fallen by the axe of the stranger, standing by and impatiently waiting the event.—The ape kept his seat till the tree fell, and then fell with it; and the lioness, the moment the robber reached the ground, sprang upon him with the swiftness and sureness of a cat springing upon a mouse, killed him, and then, taking her cub in her mouth, walked contentedly away from the benefactor to whose skill and friendly assistance she had made her sorrowful appeal! "I can so much the more readily," observed Mr. Gubbins, "believe that even wild animals should put faith in the skill and helping disposition of mankind, as I have myself met with a few striking examples of that faith and expectation in domesticated species, to whose observation, however, the human arts and powers must be more familiar. A short time since I was riding over a common, at some distance from my house, when a pig, which, in the course of feeding, had so twisted the triangular yoke upon his neck that the narrow portion of it pinched his throat and threatened him with suffocation—no sooner saw me, than he came as near as to the fore feet of my horse, foaming at the mouth, and struggling to overcome his difficulty. That he believed in the power of a man to assist him was evident; but he had also his fears of that human power, as possibly more dangerous to his throat than all the pressure of his inverted yoke; so that whenever I alighted from my horse with the design of helping him he ran away, and yet, as soon as I was again seated, he returned, continuing to travel with me, close to the horse's fore-feet, or as near to my own person as he was able, his mouth still foaming, and his efforts to escape suffocation still prolonged. In the end, seeing a farm house a little upon one side of my road, I pulled my bridle that way, the pig still accompanying me, till, reaching the yard-gate, I called to some of the people, and apprised them of the pig's presence and misfortune, as my best means of promoting his relief.—*Burford Cottage, &c.*

**IRISH CABINS**—The cabins of the peasantry appear to the newly-arrived Englishman very small, and alas! very dirty and comfortless. There is no attempt at ornament in the architecture, nor any

symptoms of a wish to keep neat what never could have been handsome. The walls and roof are too often going to decay, and blackened with the smoke that eddies out of the ever open door. There are no roses clustering round the porch, no jessamine climbing up the windows, nor gay borders of flowers, such as frequently give so cheerful and pleasing an appearance to our rural cottages. In front of the Irish cabin is universally the manure heap; and, as universally, inside, may be seen or heard sundry pigs, who are every now and then violently ejected by the scolding mother, or by the laughing child; both of them guiltless of wearing either shoe or stocking, and the latter very frequently as unencumbered with any other article of clothing. Yet out of these small, low-roofed cots you will not seldom see four or five fine tall fellows issue, bending almost double in order to escape under the puny doorway. It is difficult to imagine how they live in such disproportioned dwellings.—*Angler in Ireland.*

**CHIPPEWA INDIANS.**—In mere externals the Chippewas are not essentially different from other tribes of the Algonquin stock in the Western country. And the points in which a difference holds may be supposed to have been for the most part, the effect of a more ungenial climate. They are, to a less extent than most of the tribes, cultivators of the soil, and more exclusively hunters and warriors. Living in a portion of the continent remarkable for the number of its large and small lakes, they find a common resource in fish, and along with this enjoy the advantage of reaping the wild rice. Their government has been deemed a paradox, at the same time exercising, and too feeble to exercise, power. But it is not more paradoxical than all patriarchal governments, which have their tie in filial affection, and owe their weakness to versatility of opinion. War and other public calamities bring them together, while prosperity drives them apart. They rally on public danger with wonderful facility, and they disperse with equal quickness. All their efforts are of the partizan, popular kind; and if these do not succeed they are dispirited. There is nothing in their institutions and resources suited for long-continued, steady exertion. The most striking trait in their moral history is the institution of the Totem—a sign manual, by which the affiliation of families is traced, agreeing more exactly perhaps, than has been supposed with the armorial bearings of the feudal ages; and this institution is kept up with a feeling of importance which it is difficult to account for. An Indian, as is well known, will tell his specific name with great reluctance, but his generic or family name, in other words, his Totem, he will declare without hesitation, and with an evident feeling of pride. None of our tribes have proceeded farther than the first rude steps in hieroglyphic writing; and it is a practice in which the Chippewas are peculiarly expert. No part of their country can be visited without bringing this trait into prominent notice. Every path has its blazed and figured trees, conveying intelligence to all who pass, for all can read and understand these signs. They are taught to the young as carefully as our alphabet, with the distinction, however, that hieroglyphic writing is the prerogative of the males.—These devices are often traced on sheets of birch bark attached to poles. They are traced on war clubs, or canoe paddles, bows or gun stocks. They are drawn on skins, particularly those used as back dresses by warriors. They have also other hiero-

glyphic modes of communicating information, by poles with knots of grass attached to them, or rings of paint, and often antlers, or animal heads suspended by the banks of rivers.—*Schoolcraft's last work.*

### THE LINK OF NATURE.

There is a kindred tie which knits  
The mightiest tree that grows,  
To each unheeded leafy gem  
That near it buds or blows.

The same first cause created both,  
Nor deem'd the transient flower  
Was less unworthy of *His* care,  
And all-sustaining power.

The same bright sun is felt by each,  
The same soft whispering breeze;  
The light and nurturing dews of heaven,  
They share alike in these.

But tho' united thus they seem,  
Equal they cannot be;  
We look for *beauty* in the flower,  
And *shelter* from the tree.

What would it boot the fragrant buds,  
To be upraised and share  
The dazzling honors of the great,  
The storms they could not bear.

The might, too, of the lofty trees,  
If it were once laid low,  
What would preserve the lowly flowers,  
When chilling blasts should blow?

'Tis thus in nature and in life,  
Each has a separate lot;  
To some is given a gilded home,  
To some a peaceful cot.

**HINT TO THE LADIES.**—Why do so many fashionable ladies "stand awry?" Why have we so many crooked spines? It comes from wearing stays. The muscles that support the spine are strong and powerful; and the more they are exercised by the frolicking and free motions of growing youth, the stronger they become. When Miss is bound in stays, these muscles, like those of a bandaged leg, are diminished in size and strength; and she certainly has a slimmer body; but no mechanical contrivance of support is equal to God's handy-work; stays are not equal to muscles.—Miss's head, though in one sense perhaps light enough, is now too heavy for her vertebral column to bear, and she bends under it. Or, if she will add accomplishments to a slim waist, leaning over the harp or the portfolio, she speedily gives the spine, now composed merely of bones slightly bound together, a hitch to one side. There is not one boy to a thousand with crooked spine. Nor is it likely to be so, for other reasons besides exercise of muscles. With man, whose lot it is to labor, the broad articulating surfaces of the different bones are kept in their proper places by strong ligaments, and the powerful tendons of muscles. In the girl, again—in the female intended by nature for the most free and beautiful motions—for the agile, flexible, and more lovely bendings and writhings, the articulating surfaces are small, the ligaments lax and supple, but the comparative weakness of joints is compensated for the fineness of poise given by muscles governed by the most acute and delicate nervous sensibility. Destroy these muscles, (or injure that fine sensibility,) which had another use besides giving mere roundness and beauty of mould, and the woman becomes, in reality, an ill-jointed machine; she



shakes and falls to this side and that, according to the laws of gravity. Much was said lately about the distortions caused in the different manufactories, by men who only know about the matter from their own closets. I have seldom seen distortions in the mill people, and these, almost invariably belonged to the individual before going to the work; whereas it is now a matter of notoriety, that there is scarcely a young girl in a fashionable boarding-school whose spine is not morbidly crooked. All the girls in the mills are engaged, more or less, in muscular exercise, and most of them are obliged to work with their clothes free and loose upon them, so as not to impede their exertions. Many of them possess a finer carriage than a young lady who has squandered much of her money, as well as her health, on the posture-master. It is no distortion of the person that is to be dreaded in the mills; it is exhausting labor, and a vitiated atmosphere. Yet I hold a young lady in a boarding-school, as many of these institutions are at present conducted, as in a worse condition than the factory girl; for continued mental irritation (miscalled application,) close confinement, tight stays, slops and hashes, are more injurious than even ten hours' labor.—*Kilgour's Therapeutics.*

#### DEATH OF CLEOPATRA,

##### QUEEN OF EGYPT.

[Cleopatra was celebrated for her beauty and cunning. She had an intrigue with Julius Cæsar, and afterwards with Marc Antony—who married her, forgetful of his connexion with Octavia, the sister of Augustus. This behavior produced a rupture between Antony and Augustus, which resulted in the defeat and death of the former. We extract from the American Monthly Magazine a brief account of the unhappy death of the beautiful Queen, on hearing of the defeat and disgrace of her adored Antony, whose body was brought to her palace with the sad news. She destroyed herself with the bite of an asp—and her maids who attended her person, also committed suicide on the same occasion with their beloved mistress.]

Shortly after the arrival of the sad news of Antony's defeat, came the bearer of his corpse. But Cleopatra was not moved. Her hands were sold in her lap, the fingers unconsciously playing with a chain of mingled strands of golden thread and hair of a dark auburn hue. Her face was very pale, and cold, almost stern in its passionless rigidity—the eye was cast downwards, immovably rivetted upon the countenance of the mighty dead; but from the long dark lashes there hung no tear—all was composed, silent, self-restrained grief; an occasional shiver crept, as it were, electrically thro' her entire frame, and now and then her lips moved, as though she were communing with some viewless form, but beyond this, there was no motion and no sound. At a distance beyond from the miserable mistress sat a group of women attired, as has been said, most gorgeously, but their sad and clouded aspects offering a fearful contrast to their sumptuous garments; near them, and on the table of the richest porphyry, negligently strewn with instruments of music—the Grecian lute, the Egyptian systum, and the Italian pipe; with jewelled tiaras, perfumes and cosmetics, and all the luxuries of a regal toilet, drinking cups of agate, and flasks of crystal, there stood a plain and country looking basket, woven of the slender reeds that grew beside the lake of Moeris, filled with the dark and glossy leaves and purple fruits of the fig tree.—

To a casual glance it might have seemed that there was nothing in the position or contents of that basket but the simple offering of some grateful rustic to the palate of his Queen; but on a nearer view, there might be seen upon the foliage, long almy trails, twining hither and thither, as if left by the passage of some loathsome reptile. At times, too, there was a light rustling sound, a motion of the leaves, not waving regularly as if shaken by the breeze, but heaving up at intervals from the life-like struggles of something lurking beneath: and now a scaly back—a small black head, with eyes glowing like sparks of fire, and an arrowy tongue quivering and darting about like a lambent flame—it was the deadly asp of the Nile, the most fatal, the most desperately venomous of all the serpents of Africa. Deeply, fearfully skilled, in the dark secrets of poisoning and incantation, the wife and sister of the Ptolemies had chosen this abhorred mode of avenging the wrongs of Antony; of baffling cool, malignant hate of the little minded man whom Rome's adulation had even then begun to style the Augustus. Already had the news been conveyed to her—the stunning news, that save the name, she was no more a Queen; but the rumor had fallen on a deaf or unregarding ear.—After the first burst of agony was over—when the self-immolated victim was borne to her in place of the burning, feeling, living lover—she had caused those hated reptiles to be brought to the tomb, which she had entered, while yet alive, in the very recklessness of dissimulation and caprice; she had applied them to her delicate bosom, and a thrill of triumphant ecstasy had rushed through her frame, as she felt the keen pang of their venomous fangs piercing her flesh, and imbuing the very sources of life with the ingredients of death.

And now she sat in patient expectation, brooding over the ruin she had wrought;—calmly awaiting the agony that she well knew must convulse her limbs and distort her features from their calm serenity; while her attendant maidens with strange and unaccountable devotion, had heedlessly followed the example of her, whom they were determined to accompany faithfully, not merely to the portals of the tomb, but in the dark regions of futurity. Soon, however, the wretched girls repented of their rashness, yet repressing their own anguish, lest its expression should augment that of her, for whom they had cast life away, and for whom even now—while the love of earth was uppermost in all their feelings—they felt that they should cast it away again, could it be again redeemed—the stillness of that gorgeous room—the hateful reptiles crawling and hissing among the beautiful fruits—the sunshine without, and the gloom within—all uniting to form a combination of incidents, as a painter would term them, that no painter's imagination, how vivid soever it might be, could have created. It was, however, a scene that was rapidly drawing to its conclusion; the girl on whose frame the venom of the asp had taken the strongest effect, had already sunk upon the floor, and it seemed by the long and gasping efforts with which she caught her breath, that her minutes were already numbered. Notwithstanding the miserable plight in which she rolled over and over in great agony, so callous had the feelings of her companions been rendered by the immediate pressure of their own calamities, that—tender and delicate beings as they were, with hearts ever melting at the slightest indication of sorrow—each one retained her station, wholly absorbed by her own heavy thoughts, and careless of all besides.

found the body of a young man in a spot 150 feet deep, which had not been visited in the memory of man. The weak solution of sulphuric acid in water, with the alkalies that had formed there, had petrified the corpse without at all robbing it of its youthful appearance. So unusual a sight collected the whole neighborhood together. An old woman soon came up, and burst into tears upon recognizing the features of her betrothed bridegroom, and who disappeared fifty years ago, but what had become of him was never known. The interval that had elapsed had wrinkled and sunowed the old dame's face, whilst the bridegroom, thus disinterred from his grave, appeared in all the fresh lineaments of youth. The body was exposed for several days, and at last interred with much ceremony; the funeral procession being accompanied by the whole body of miners.

**FATE OF A GAMBLER.**—There is no city in the Union where the vice of gambling is indulged to so great an extent as in New Orleans. The Gambling Houses there, are licensed by the State, and hence the vice is shorn of half its iniquity in the eyes of the public. We subjoin from the New Orleans Bee the letters of a victim—the father of six children, and the husband of an affectionate and faithful wife. We invite attention to the melancholy and heart-rending confessions of this infatuated and ruined wretch; and especially do we ask the hundreds of young men in this city, married or single, who have just commenced indulging in the deluding vice, who steal away once or twice a week to some Club or Billiard Room, and venture merely a few dollars with a friend, to ponder on this record of infatuation and crime.—We rejoice to learn that since the publication of these letters, a resolution has passed the Senate of Louisiana, and confirmed by the House of Representatives, for appointing a joint committee of the Legislature to inquire into the expediency of repealing *all* laws licensing Gambling; and making the same a high penal offence, punishable by not less than 20 years labor in the State Prison, or such other punishment as said committee may see proper to inflict. Admirable!

[Letter 1st.]

Dear F. \* \* \* you thought it a fortunate chance, that which after a separation of so many years, brought us together in this city—no doubt, it was a pleasure for us both, and I have to regret not to have sought more of your society—but my evil genius has led me through a life, which is far from your habits;—from the day of my arrival in New Orleans till within one hour, I have spent most of my time in gambling shops, for shops they are here, opened to every body, both night and day. The consequences you may easily guess at: I am ruined, totally ruined, and given up to despair.

The first idea of the man, who forgetting his duty to his family, his friends and society, has abandoned himself to the most delirious of all passions, Gambling, and hereby lost more than he possessed, is almost in every case suicide. Self-destruction is a horrible thought. To devote one's self to Eternal torments; to die the death of a hopeless reprobate; not to dare, at the most awful moment, to cast an eye above and implore forgiveness, persuaded that justice precludes mercy—how tremendous! but for me to live—to live despised by those whom I esteem and love—to live, after having sacrificed to a vile propensity the happiness of a beloved and virtuous wife, the well being of six innocent children,

the good will of a numerous circle of estimable friends, would be a most horrible supplice. To live is impossible. It is true, Mary is so kind, so very good, that under any circumstances whatever, I would be welcomed; and many of my neighbors are among those on whose good nature I have in certain respects imposed upon, would I am sure, treat me as if I still were worthy of their intimacy; but that very indulgence is the punishment I dread the most. I have not the courage to go and meet it; I will not, I cannot—Let me die!

If I have for a short time hesitated on what I should do, it has been, that knowing how feeble Mary is, and how much affected she will be by my death and the manner of my death, I am fully convinced she will not long survive me—yet, her soul, pure as virgin gold, will be received by the Angels of heaven as a kindred spirit—mine, oh! dreadful idea, away with thee.

Four of my children are with their good aunt, Mde. R\*\*\*\* She has much to forgive me, but she is incapable of reproaching them with the faults of their unfortunate father; may the world likewise have the same indulgence. It may be true, it is no doubt so, that the Jewish legislator wrote that the sins of the father would be visited upon the children, down to the third and fourth generations, but long after him an inspired prophet gave word that each one was responsible, and alone accountable for his own transgressions, and it seems to me that the Redeemer himself—when, where are my thoughts running? how do I dare to write any thing about him whom I have so long neglected to worship? I was claiming, I do claim the indulgence of the word for my innocent children. It is probable that my little Alexander will continue under the care and protection of those friends, who now have him under their charge. My pretty Josephine, the youngest of them all, may live to suffer, to undergo hardships; and all through my fault—hell itself is too good a place for the guilty father of that charming babe.

And thou, holy woman, thou who only 25 years ago devoted thyself to thy God, and has ever since spent thy days in a hospital, nursing the sick; thou who never forgot thy brother in thy hourly prayers; what will thy feelings be, when learning his fate—I thought I could not cry; tears have long been strangers to me, but thy idea, the idea of my hopeless children, of my desolate wife, recalls them to my eyes—That weakness must be shaken off, else I would not die, and I must, I will miserably perish.

F\*\*\*\*, prevent if possible, my name from being echoed and re-echoed in newspapers. Inform Mr Fe\*\*, avoue avocat, at Roanna, that I am no more, but give no details; the same thing to J. Platts-Esq. Utica, (state of New York;) I know he will take precautions not to have my wife too abruptly apprised of the sad tidings—he is a friend, and there is no better man.

One word more—you are somehow connected with a daily press. Let your voice, let the voice of your collaborators be raised against gamblers and gambling houses. Those magistrates and legislators who concur in making the plundering of poor deluded wretches a lawful business, become the accomplices of the plunderers; and, in a degree participants in all the crimes and nefarious deeds to which the practice of play leads both gamblers and gamblers. An income from such a polluted source, for either the state or the city, is of no account: Let them raise all the money they want by other means, and not license crime and vice.

But a few days ago a poor negro was put to death—he was guilty and deserved his fate, but for all the world I could not have followed the crowd who ran to see him suffer. We are strange beings. I never witnessed a public execution; the mere thought of it always revolted me, and in a few hours I will do away with myself.

How happier that wretch was than I am. Since he committed the fatal deed which led him to the scaffold, he had time to reflect, to repent, and he was told to place some reliance in the mercy of God—but I despair of that mercy; I am out of his reach; to ask for it would be mockery, and I do not do so—I plunge into eternal misery!

Do tremble, you who have been my daily associates for the last month, your day will come.

D. M.

[2d Letter—11th Feb. 1835.]

Had you F\*\*\*\*\* promised me last evening to come and see me—this morning you would have found me a corpse; but you would be excused, and I have dragged out a miserable existence of 24 hours longer, which during that time has been a most cruel suffering to me.

At the moment I write this, I have swallowed the poison, that carries me into eternity; and my hand does not tremble and my mind is not disturbed—No!—I feel a sort of joy in thinking that I am going to meet that punishment which has no end. To have been the husband of that woman who possesses all virtues and not a single fault; to be the father of six good amiable children, to belong to a family as respectable as mine is, and to have behaved as I have, merits the most horrid torments—I know it—I do myself justice, and wish to escape from my own reflections. The other world has nothing so terrible. Some friends—yourself, may complain of my having borrowed small sums not \$60 in all. I would have attempted to procure other loans, and might have (perhaps) succeeded; but it seems to me that people look at me in the streets and say to one another “look at that ruined gambler; get out of his way.”

I am out of the way of every body. D. M.

[3d Letter—Wednesday, 11th Feb.]

If there be courage in committing suicide with the utmost self-possession, then am I courageous—but if it be a sign of cowardice not to support existence, then am I one of the veriest cowards!

**NUNNERIES AND NUNS.**—There are two convents at Lucerne, both of the order of Capuchins—one for men, the other for women—and a remnant of Cordeliers, who are not allowed to increase their numbers, as on the extinction of the present community the convent will be suppressed. Our young people were exceedingly anxious to know of what sort of stuff a nun was composed, especially a handsome one, and the beauty of some of the Capucines of Lucerne, had left a bright track on the limited horizon of which they were once stars; but unluckily the Nuncio is impracticable, and ruffles his crest at the approach of even such harmless petitioners, and as not a mouse can scratch its way to the holy house without the sign-manual of “l’homme cardinal,” they are obliged to fold up their curiosity and lay it by for a future occasion. After all, the everlasting veil is but a melancholy sight; I always think with extreme pity of nuns, and of that hasty vow that answers thoughtlessly for the long, long future, that resigns all in the name of hopes, affections, passions, which are no party in

the contract, and may hereafter rise in their strength against it. The species of enthusiasm which sends the young and imaginative to a cloister, is often nothing more than an exertion of the mind to fill up a void left by the extinction of stronger emotions, an effort to work a new spring against the sorrowful inanition of the heart, or perhaps against its dangerous recollections. But even if its source be free from earth's mixture, how can it sustain itself? not certainly by the exacted prayer or staid ceremony, whose nothingness is visible to the eye that looks behind the curtain: and if it should subside—O how heavily may the vows pronounced at eighteen sit on the heart at five-and-twenty! *A Lady's Slight Reminiscences.*

EVALINE.

The pernicious effects of too much indulgence to children are in general obvious to all but the over-fond parent. The neglect of a little salutary discipline, during the period of youth, proves indeed very frequently the bane of happiness throughout every after stage of life. It is, however, an evil which proceeds not from corrupt dispositions, but is rather what might be called an amiable weakness. Yet it ought to be carefully guarded against, even for the sake of the objects so dearly beloved.

We seldom fail to find a child losing the regard of every one else, just in proportion as he receives improper indulgence from his parents. He of course becomes untoward, haughty, and petulant, and is in danger of growing up, like Esau, with a hand raised against every one, and every one's hand upraised against him. Accustomed to the gratification of all his desires, he can ill brook controul or disappointment, and is apt to become impetuous upon every occasion of restraint and provocation, either real or imaginary.

The lasting influence of these intemperate early habits too often mars the happiness of social connections. From them proceed the turbulent and overbearing husband, and the self-willed and undutiful wife. It is, therefore, the duty of the guardians of youth, as they love them and prize their future prosperity, to guard against this fatal error. They ought also to watch over and study the different dispositions of their minds, and to endeavor, accordingly, to arrange their mode of individual treatment.

Evaline was the only daughter of respectable parents. Engagements in an extensive business kept her father much from home, and her mother was of a weakly and delicate constitution, Evaline was their all, and their affection for her knew no bounds. She was, therefore, brought up with every indulgence which this excess of fondness could draw forth. She early contracted an intimate friendship with Agnes, the daughter of a widow lady, who had been left with a numerous family, and lived in the immediate neighborhood. Agnes was educated with ideas very different from those of her young friend, having been, of necessity and from principle, taught the profitable lesson of industry and frugal economy, and to consider health and intellectual powers as given for higher purposes than the amusement of the possessor. The mispending of time, and the misapplication of these precious endowments, was impressed upon her mind as being a source of never-failing unhappiness and calamity to the instituted abusers of such inestimable blessings. As she had learned from experience that useful employment constitutes pleasure, and is pregnant with advan-

She took an affectionate leave of Agnes, and returned home, secluded herself to ponder over the past, and to prepare her mind for future conduct. Upon a serious retrospection, she felt extremely dissatisfied. The longer she considered her own imprudences, an increasing respect for her husband gradually arose in her mind, and she now anxiously longed for an opportunity of making those concessions to which she at first felt so much reluctance. Her husband returned, and before the repentant Evaline had completed an acknowledgment of her errors, she was enclosed in an embrace of forgiveness and love. She has now become as remarkable for conjugal affection, maternal solicitude, and every social virtue, as she had formerly been for levity and extravagance. Agnes is her confidante and counsellor. She is a tender mother, and a dutiful wife. 'Her husband is known in the gates, her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her;' and in the words of the elegant Thompson—

They flourish now in mutual bliss, and rear  
A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves.  
And good, the grace of all the country round.

**FASTING.**—The principal instances of fasting, on record, are those which have arisen from shipwreck and similar accidents, from peculiar mental affections, from the body being in a morbid state, or from the two latter combined. In a melancholy and well authenticated instance of shipwreck which occurred in the year 1795, seventy-two individuals were compelled to take shelter in the shrouds of the vessel, while the hull was covered by the sea, where all survived, during five days, without a morsel of food; but it appeared that they were enabled to catch a few drops of rain as it fell, and some of them were drenched with spray. It was the opinion of Hippocrates, though not corroborated by others, that fasting less than five days is not invariably fatal; but after that period notwithstanding individuals may survive and take food, their previous abstinence will occasion death. In the year 1768, Captain Kennedy was shipwrecked, with twelve companions, in the West Indies. They preserved a small quantity of provisions, which were totally consumed in seven days, amidst extraordinary distresses. During the eight succeeding days, though in absolute want both of meat and drink, and exposed in an open boat, the whole survived; but after obtaining relief, some of the people perished. In this case they were evidently supported by being frequently drenched with sea water. Sir William Hamilton, in an account of a dreadful earthquake which devastated Sicily and Calabria, in the year 1783, relates that he saw two girls who were miraculously preserved in the ruins of a house. One had survived eleven entire days, and the other six, totally deprived of food. It must not escape observation, that the difference between absolute privation of food and a supply of any portion of it, is immeasurable. The same may almost be said of water, for it materially contributes to preserve life; and hence the difficulty of ascertaining what is truly protracted fasting. The negro couriers who traverse the deserts on the western coast of Africa, perform long and fatiguing journeys on about four ounces of food daily. It is said that, in common situations, both they and the Moors are frequently seen to subsist eight days on three ounces of gum daily, without sensible diminution of health or vigor; and some maintain that they can last three

days without any inconvenience. The whole store of a courier, at his outset, consists only of a pound of gum. This substance is decidedly nutritious; for we are told that, when the whole provisions of a caravan had been exhausted in the deserts between Abyssinia and Egypt, a thousand persons subsisted on gum, which was found to form part of the merchandise; and the caravan reached Cairo in safety, without any remarkable accidents from hunger or disease. The compound of the negro couriers may possess particular qualities in repelling hunger, such as that which, among the primitive inhabitants of Great Britain, is said to have proved sufficient, if equivalent to a bean, for a whole day; and some of the American Indians, when engaged in long excursions, have expedients for blunting the keen sensations which they would otherwise experience. A composition of calcined shells and tobacco juice is formed into a mass, from which, when dry, pills of a proper size, to be kept dissolving between the gum and the lip, are made. Long and perilous voyages have been accomplished without more than a ship's biscuit divided into a number of pieces daily.—Captain Inglefield and eleven men, of the Centaur man-of-war, which foundered at sea in the year 1702, sailed 800 miles in a yawl, during a period of ten or fifteen days, while their sole provision consisted of a twelfth part of a biscuit for each of two meals a day, and a glass of water. Still more perilous was the voyage of Capt. Blight and eighteen men of the *Bounty*, who sailed a great portion of 3600 miles in an open boat, in stormy seas, on an allowance of an ounce and a quarter of biscuit daily; and sometimes, when a bird, the size of a pigeon, was accidentally caught, it served for a meal to the whole crew. We ought not to be much surprised, therefore, at the experiments made by some people on themselves, for which it has appeared that fasting on half a pound of bread daily, with a pint of liquid, was productive of no inconvenience. Sea-weed has afforded many grateful meals to famished sailors. In the year 1652, two brothers, accidentally abandoned on an islet in a lake of Norway, subsisted twelve days on grass and sorrel. Few instances can be given of absolute privation both of solids and liquids; but in the case above referred to, where seventy-two persons took shelter in the shrouds of a vessel, fourteen actually survived during twenty three days, without food, though a few drops of rain were occasionally caught in their mouths as they fell.—Some of the survivors also drank sea-water; but it was not so with all.

In the year 1789, Caleb Elliott, a religious visionary, determined to fast forty days. During sixteen, he obstinately refused all kinds of sustenance, and then died, being literally starved to death.—Morgagni, an Italian physician, refers to an instance of a woman who obstinately refused all sustenance, except twice during fifty days, and took only a small quantity of water, when she died.—An avalanche, some years ago, overwhelmed a village in Switzerland, and entombed three women in a stable, where there was a she-goat and some hay. Here they survived thirty-seven days on the milk afforded them by the goat, and were in health when relieved. But one of the best authenticated instances of fasting in modern times, and in which there is no evidence of any particular morbid affections of the body, is related by Dr. Willan. In the year 1786, a young man, a religious visionary, and supposing himself to labor under some inconsiderable complaints, thought to

operate a cure by abstinence. He suddenly withdrew from his friends, occupied himself in copying the Bible in short hand, to which he added his own commentaries, and resolved to abstain from all solid food, only moistening his mouth, from time to time, in water lightly flavored with the juice of oranges. He took no exercise, slept little, and spent most of the night in reading, while his daily allowance was half a pint and a pint of water, with the juice of two oranges. In this state of abstinence he persisted sixty days; but during the last ten, his strength rapidly declined, and, finding himself unable to rise from bed, he became alarmed. The delusion which had hitherto impressed him of being supported by preternatural means, now vanished, and along with it his expectation of some remarkable event, which should follow his resolution of self-denial. On the sixty first day of his fast, Dr. Willan was summoned to his aid; but the miserable object was then reduced to the lowest state of existence; and although his eyes were not deficient in lustre, and his voice entire, he exhibited the appearance of a skeleton on which the flesh had been dried; and his personal decay was attended with manifest mental imbecility. Nevertheless with proper regimen, he so far recovered as in a few days to be enabled to walk across his room; and a clergyman who had previously been admitted to visit him, dispelled his religious aberrations; but on the seventh day from the commencement of this system, his recollection failed, and he expired on the seventy-eighth from the date of his abstinence.

Perhaps we should find many examples of fasting for a longer period, on recurring to the morbid conditions of the body; such as that of Janet M'. Leod, a young Scottish female, who, after epilepsy and fever, remained five years in bed, seldom speaking, and receiving food only by constraint.—At length she obstinately refused all sustenance, her jaws became locked, and, in attempting to force them open, two of her teeth were broken. A small quantity of liquid was introduced by the aperture, none of which was swallowed; and dough made of oatmeal was likewise rejected.—She slept much, and her head was bent down to her breast. In this deplorable state, the relatives of the patient declared she continued to subsist four years without their being sensible of her receiving any aliment, except a little water; but after a longer interval, she began to revive, and subsisted on crumbs of bread, with milk or water sucked from the palm of her hand. It is not evident that her convalescence ever was complete; and it rather is to be inferred that she remained in a debilitated condition.

After these extraordinary instances, chiefly belonging to our own era, to which many more might be added, we shall probably be less incredulous in listening to the accounts of the older authors.—In regard to the sensations excited by protracted fasting, and its effects on the person of the sufferer, there is a difference resulting from the vigor both of body and mind, to which the influence of climate may be joined; but the most direful and lasting effects ensue. At first, every substance is ravenously devoured, to appease the cravings of hunger; every animal, the most loathsome reptiles, are welcome sustenance; and a paste is baked by the New Hollanders, composed of ants and worms, intermixed with the bark of trees. John Lery, who endured the extremity of famine in a voyage to Brazil, emphatically declared that a mouse was more prized in the ship than an ox had been a-

shore; and he also tells us that three or four crowns were paid for each. The natives of New Caledonia swallow lumps of earth to satisfy their hunger, and tie ligatures, continually increasing in tightness, around the abdomen. They seem to do so with impunity, although the custom of eating earth, in Java, which is done to reduce personal corpulence, is slowly but invariably destructive. Last of all recourse is had to human flesh, instances of which have occurred in all countries of the habitable world, on occasion of famine from sieges, shipwreck, or the failure of expected crops of grain.

**WOMAN'S LOVE.**—Men have hearts too; and women's hearts—alas they may be broken. Feelings may be trifled with—the scrutiny of a character—the hope to drive away the ennui of a rainy day in a country-house—the vanity which had taken alarm at an indifferent tone, from a pretty and an indifferent person—all or any of these may lead to the devoted attention, the tone, the look, the deceit—the self-deceit! And then comes the woman's affection unalterably given; the man's assertion to himself and others that “he meant nothing.” Too late to say that, when the woman, deceived and confiding, has sunk under the shock of blighted hopes. Too late, when, her health injured, her happiness gone, the once young, the beautiful, the gay, the light hearted, has sunk into the being with beauty vanished, with feelings grown old, distrustful, hopeless, perhaps soured in temper, she either lives to swell the list of peevish, backbiting, tale-bearing old maids, or she sinks at once more sadly, or perhaps more enviably, into the early grave. There she lies broken-hearted in the room where the sun had shined in so often to waken her to bright images—to day-dreams of happiness, to the smiles of fond parents, to their approving looks, to the recollection of childish hours—of childish hopes, of a heart still childlike and innocent, gay, lovely, and confiding. There she lies now, in that same room, a poor, broken-hearted thing—forlorn and hopeless. There again she lies on that bed, where she had lain her head so peacefully in days gone by. The curtains are drawn around, the white sheet spread over, all white, cold, and still—there she lies a corpse!—And she has found her rest, and her bed, from which she had risen day by day to happiness, from which she had risen, flushed with hope, to meet his return—that bed is her bed of death. And she is beautiful in death, though pain and mortal suffering have set their stamp on her brow. Sisters have wept, and parents prayed, and the last kiss has been given; the coffin is closed, and the burst of grief and horror over; all is still. And where is he? the author of all this wretchedness, where is he now? There in the world, gay, and, as he would say, “happy;” devoted to some new fair one—making new conquests, and meaning nothing. Miss ——— is dead?” Does that strike sadly or with upbraiding on his ear? No. She is lying in her winding sheet. He says, “Ah, poor girl! I knew her once;” and then, after a pause, some witticism is uttered; he laughs, he is gay; and that is all the deceiver thinks of his victim.—*Anne Grey.*

**NORTHERN LIGHTS.**—Professor Erman, who circumnavigated the earth in the years 1826, 1829, and 1830, and has lately published his narrative at Berlin, gives some important particulars respecting

the appearance of these phenomena at Beresoff in Siberia. While he was at that place, a very powerful aurora borealis occurred, and, on this occasion, he was assured by the concurrent testimony of all the inhabitants, that the polar lights are observed two distinct kinds, one of which appears in the western, and the other in the eastern celestial hemisphere. The polar light which is seen to the west of the meridian has invariably less effulgence and a lower vortex than the light which is seen in the east. The latter kind has often been observed for whole months together to last throughout the night, but always first appears at a period of intense cold, and is then frequently so splendid as to frighten the cattle attached to the travellers' sledge. These remarks evidently point at a connexion between the aurora and the two magnetic poles, one of which lies to the west and the other to the east of the meridian. This is the more apparent as M. Ermany observed that when the northern lights appeared to the west of the due north point of the compass, the magnetic needle became stationary 15° to the west of the magnetic meridian of Beresoff; he also observed during an aurora seen at Lobolsk to the east of the magnetic meridian, that the needle deflected towards the east.

#### SONG OF THE BEES.

We watch for the light of the morn to break,  
And color the Eastern sky,  
With its blended hues of saffron and lake,  
Then say to each other, 'Awake! Awake!  
For our winter's honey is all to make,  
And our bread for a long supply.

And off we hie to the hill and dell,  
To the field, to the meadow and hower,  
We love in the columbine's horn to dwell,  
To dip in the lily with snow white bell,  
To search the balm in its odorous cell,  
The mint and the rosemary flower.

We seek the bloom of the eglantine,  
Of the painted thistle and briar;  
And follows the steps of the wandering vine,  
Whether it trail on the earth supine,  
Or round the haping tree top twine  
And reach for a state still higher.

While each on the good of her sister bent,  
Is busy, and cares for all,  
We hope for an evening with here's content,  
For the winter of life; without lament  
That summer is gone, its hours misspent,  
And the harvest is past recal.

**ROLLIN'S ANCIENT HISTORY.**—Our miscellaneous readers and the patrons of elegant literature generally, will rejoice that Mr. Geo. Dearborn, well known as the publisher of some of the most rich and valuable editions of standard works in this country, has risen Phoenix-like, from the ruins of the late fire in New York, and given us new and increased evidence of his enterprise and good taste. His splendid edition of Rollin's Ancient History was issued some weeks since; but we had no opportunity of examining it immediately on its publication. Unlike some of the ephemeral works of the present day, however, the productions of Rollin only increase in value as copies are multiplied and treasured up; and a notice of any improvement in the casket in which they are preserved can never be unseasonable or misplaced.

Mr. Dearborn's edition is in two large octavo volumes, one of near 600 pages, and the other of 700 in double columns. It has heretofore occupied eight and ten volumes, but is now brought into the abovementioned small compass, and is afforded at a price less by half than heretofore.

But what adds much to the value of this edition, is the fact, that it contains, in addition to the History of the Ancient World, "The History of the Arts and Sciences of the Ancients," by the same author. It is remarkable that this part of the general work, though many editions have been printed here, has never before been published in this country, nor till very recently in England. It occupies nearly 300 pages in this edition, and treats of Agriculture, Commerce, the Liberal Arts and Sciences, Architecture, Sculpture, Painting, Music, &c.

In the language of Mr. Dearborn's advertisement, "it is the only entire and un mutilated edition of Rollin's History, which has been issued from the press for more than eighty years. The various introductions to the several divisions of the history have been printed in their original text; and the paragraphs formerly suppressed have been restored to their proper places, and contain one third more than any other edition hitherto issued from the American press." Few historical works that we have ever read, are calculated more thoroughly to engage the attention, and interest the feelings, particularly of youth, than Rollin's Ancient History. We cannot too strongly recommend it to public and private libraries, and to instructors who are selecting a course of reading for their pupils.

**DISCIPLINE**—A novel in two volumes:—Key and Biddle and W. D. Ticknor. Miss Brunton; whose work, entitled Self-Control, we had some time ago the pleasure of recommending to our readers, is the author of "Discipline"—a production which we think likely to prove useful, since it combines, with happy effect, the advantages of an interesting story and an excellent moral. The republication of such standard novels,—which, although they appeared several years ago, yet seem new to us, is an evidence that we are still imbued with a love for that simplicity of style and purity of morals which are too often considered as of minor importance in the fashionable literature of the day. The character of Miss Mortimer is beautifully conceived and naturally drawn; and seldom has the power of virtuous principle over the heart and mind been more pleasingly illustrated than in her mildness of disposition and purity of sentiment.—Ellen Percy has just such qualities as give peculiar interest to a work of this description. We do not meet perfection, and we do not wish to do so. We admire to see the gradual progression of mind in the path of duty—a steady advancement in virtue

produced by Discipline, and matured by judgment. She is at first the creature of impulse, rather than of principle: but the scenes through which she passes, and the trials with which she meets, render her, at last, beloved without vanity, and prosperous without the indulgence of pride. There is a romance about the character of Maitland, and an interesting development of a well kept secret at the close of the volumes, which add to the charm of the work, and attract the attention of every reader.

**CURRENTS OF THE OCEAN.**—The passengers of the packet ship *South America*, on her passage from this port to Liverpool in March last, threw overboard a bottle when in the Gulf Stream, off Cape Cod, which was picked up in December last on the beach at Southport. A correspondent of the *London Athenæum* makes the following comments on the circumstance; which are worthy the consideration of navigators:

"It is apparent that this bottle has traversed the whole breadth of the Atlantic Ocean from America to England, adding another to the numerous proofs which have recently appeared, that the course of the Gulf Stream extends to a much greater distance to the eastward than is usually supposed. I have been long satisfied, that navigators are in an error in supposing that the Gulf Stream has lost all force in about the longitude of the Azores, as laid down in the Admiralty charts. To this error, I make no doubt that numbers of the wrecks which annually take place upon the western coast of Ireland are to be solely attributed. A few miles per day, in even the faintest current of the ocean, will, to a vessel long detained by contrary winds, make a difference of several degrees of longitude in a voyage from America to Europe. It is well known, that, almost in every instance, reckonings not kept by chronometer, bring a vessel across the Atlantic to the land in Europe altogether too soon, as expected by the navigator. It ought, therefore, to become an established doctrine in navigation, that an allowance should be made for the operation of currents long after the present determined limits of the Gulf Stream, and by less gradations, to the whole western coasts of the North Atlantic Ocean."

**A COMPARISON.**—In the late *London Quarterly*, there is an article on the *Table-Talk* of Coleridge, which preserves many of his occasional sayings and remarks, all indicative of a profound and brilliant mind, such as the world but rarely sees. The following, relative to the future prospects of America, is a just comparison upon the subject, and places the libellous caricatures of cockney travellers in their proper light:—

**BASIL HALL.**—The possible destiny of the United States of America—as a nation of a hundred millions of freemen—stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, living under the laws of Alfred, and speaking the language of Shakspeare and Milton—is an august conception. Why should we not wish to see it realized? America would then be England viewed through a solar microscope—Great Britain in a state of glorious magnification! How deeply to be lamented is the spirit of hostility and sneering which some of the popular books of travels have shown in treating of the Americans? They hate us, no doubt, just as brothers hate; but they respect the opinion of an English-

man concerning themselves ten times as much as that of a native of any other country on earth. A very little humoring of their prejudices, and some courtesy of language on the part of Englishmen, would work wonders, even as it is, with the public mind of the Americans.

Capt. Basil Hall's book is certainly very entertaining and instructive; but in my judgment, his sentiments upon many points, and more especially his mode of expression, are unwise and uncharitable. After all, are not most of the things shown up with so much bitterness by him mere national foibles, parallels to which every people has, and must of necessity have?

**BIRTH DAYS AT PUERTO RICO.**—If a person wishes to conform to the rules of good society in Puerto Rico, it is absolutely necessary to have an almanac at the head of the bed, and to consult it every morning; for if the birth-day of a lady slips the memory, without your having paid a visit in all the forms of etiquette, or, if ill, sent a card, it is considered an unpardonable breach of politeness. It is a grave offence, not easily forgotten or forgiven, and no excuse almost is admitted. On the morning of the auspicious day, the fair one who counts another year, rises early and puts on her best attire. At ten o'clock she takes her seat on the sofa, accompanied by a female relation or friend, and receives the homage of her relatives, friends, and acquaintance. Some pay the visit in person; others send their cards, which are received by a servant, and carefully placed in a glass shade. Verses, sweetmeats, and banquets of flowers are sent to the goddess—a turkey and a pig bleed as an oblation at the shrine of beauty—friends are invited to dinner—toasts go round in quick succession—wit is displayed by appropriate verses, and plaudits deafen the ears. All is conviviality—all is mirth and gaiety—and the festival is often concluded by a dance. Late at night the company retires; and then all the cards, which had been so carefully deposited, are called for; every name is read with scrupulous attention, every visit enumerated; and then two to that friend or acquaintance who has neglected the ceremony of a visit on this sacred day! Their names are expunged from their list of friends; all intercourse ceases, and enmity often ensues:—hence family disputes frequently originate. Stranger, on your arrival at Puerto Rico, if you visit the fair sex, your first care should be to purchase an almanac, and to read it, as you would your prayer-book, every morning: beware never to forget the birth-day of a lady!

**ORIGIN OF THE WORD QUIZ.**—Very few words ever took such a run, or was saddled with so many meanings, as this monosyllable; and, however strange the word, 'tis still more strange that not one of our lexicographers, from Bayley to Johnson, ever attempted an explanation, or gave a derivation of it. The reason is very obvious. It is because it has no meaning, nor is it derived from any language in the world ever known from Babylonish confusion to this day. When Richard Daly was patentee of the Irish theatres he spent the evening of a Saturday in company with many of the wits and men of fashion of the day: gambling was introduced, when the manager staked a large sum that he would have spoken, all through the principal streets of Dublin, by a certain hour next day, Sunday, a word having no meaning, and being derived from no known language—wagers

were laid, and stakes deposited. Daly repaired to the theatre, and dispatched all the servants and supernumeraries with the word "Quiz," which they chalked on every door and every shop window in town. Shops being all shut next day, every body going to and coming from their different places of worship saw the word, and every body repeated it, so that "Quiz" was heard all through Dublin; the circumstance of so strange a word being on every door and window caused much surprise, and ever since, should a strange story be attempted to be passed current, it draws forth the expression—you are quizzing me.

**NUNNERIES AND NUNS.**—There are two convents at Lucerne, both of the order of Capuchins—one for men, the other for women—act a remnant of Cordeliers, who are not allowed to increase their numbers, as on the extinction of the present community the convent will be suppressed. Our young people were exceedingly anxious to know of what sort of stuff a nun was composed, especially a handsome one, and the beauty of some of the Capucines of Lucerne, had left a bright track on the limited horizon of which they were once stars; but unluckily the Nuncio is impracticable, and refuses his crest at the approach of even such harmless petitioners, and as not a mouse can scratch its way to the holy house without the sign-manual of "l'homme cardinal," they are obliged to fold up their curiosity and lay it by for a future occasion. After all, the everlasting veil is but a melancholy sight; I always think with extreme pity of nuns, and of that hasty vow that answers thoughtlessly for the long, long future, that resigns all in the name of hopes, affections, passions, which are no party in the contract, and may hereafter rise in their strength against it. The species of enthusiasm which sends the young and imaginative to a cloister, is often nothing more than an exertion of the mind to fill up a void left by the extinction of stronger emotions, an effort to work a new spring against the sorrowful inanition of the heart, or perhaps against its dangerous recollections. But even if its source be free from earth's mixture, how can it sustain itself? not certainly by the exacted prayer or stated ceremony, whose nothingness is visible to the eye that looks behind the curtain: and if it should subside—O how heavily may the vows pronounced at eighteen sit on the heart at five-and-twenty! *A Lady's Slight Reminiscences.*

**EGYPTIAN PEASANTRY.**—There is little similarity between the Turkish and Egyptian peasant; the Turk is naturally proud and haughty, always ready to resist oppression and injustice; the Fellah has the melancholy look of one accustomed to suffer—the timid and cowardly air of a man who is hopeless of remedy or aid: in vain does the Nile lavish its treasures on every hand—none of them are his; in the midst of almost miraculous fertility, the Fellah keeps his eyes fixed upon the ground, as if he lived in a country under a curse. There are in Egypt myriads of labourers, who gather abundant harvests, and who eat nothing but the herbs of the field, bread made of flaxseed, and boiled beans. The celebrated Amru once compared the people of Egypt to bees, who labor incessantly for the benefit of others: the state of the poor cultivators of Egypt has undergone little alteration since the days of Amru. You cannot form an idea of the number of miserable wretches that are to be found in the villages where we land,

during our voyage up the Nile. We see only men almost naked, or covered with rags worse than nudity—countenances on which pain and suffering have ploughed deepened furrows—youth, without its characteristic gaiety—women, in whom poverty has effaced the traits of their sex. It is here we find how limited is our vocabulary for expressing misery; it is presented to us at every step, and under all its forms.—*Michaud's Egypt and Palestine.*

#### MACOUPIN: OR THE TALKING POTATOE.

'Who can read,' says the author of *The Art of being Happy*, 'the anecdotes of the American wilderness, without thrilling emotion? An Indian descending the Niagara, was drawn into the rapids above the sublime cataract. The nursing of the desert at first rowed with incredible vigor, in an intense struggle for life. Seeing his efforts useless, he dropped his oars, sung his death song, and floated with calmness down the abyss.' This Indian philosopher was named Macoupin, in the Algonquin dialect, and Magoupin in Winnebago, meaning the Talking Potatoe,—and was none other than an Algonquin Indian, born on the shores of the Lake of the Woods.

Let not the opulent mothers of the civilized whites imagine that they have the exclusive privilege of dreaming and prophesying the future eminence of their infants, while yet in the cradle.—The same folly has been as often perpetrated in the American woods, as in the mansions of cities. There too have the happy mothers dreamed of bearing panthers, wolves, and alligators in their bosoms; or instead of a hive of bees, as in the case of Plato, a nest of hornets, or a brace of moccasin snakes, settling over the leafy couch of their papooses, in omen of their future prowess in taking scalps.

As his mother swung Macoupin in his bark cradle, suspended from the lofty branches of two trees by grape vines of prodigious length, or strapped him by bear skin thongs in a box made from a hollow limb, to her back, he thrust out his copper-pug proboscis, and squalled the Indian powow in a sort of artificial musical rhythm, even from his very birth. The proud and fond squaw found in this, and a hundred other prognostications, that if her dear Talking Potatoe was not destined to grow up under the ascendant star as a warrior, scalp-taker, and man-killer, he was at least preordained to the first place in the second grade of Indian honors—that of unrivalled eloquence. The mother evinced her sagacity, as a diviner or medicine-woman—for never had boy shown more precocious aptitude for excelling in the art of preaching. As he grew up to man's estate, he was called among the Indian boys, *Noc-o-nipsy*, or the Hecterer, because he was everlastingly discussing the why and the wherefore—lecturing, exalting, degrading and rejecting men, matters and things, at his sovereign pleasure. The boys, in his presence, laughed with him; for they dreaded his voluble tongue, and his powers of ridicule. But as soon as he had disappeared, they laughed more heartily at him, and, still more, hated him most emphatically. And whether the sport was shooting arrows or hunting raccoons, all the wit under their red scalps was put in requisition to find some decent pretext on which to exclude from sharing in their amusement Noco-nipsy Hishewa, or the Hectering Babblor.

This propensity steadily grew upon him, until he arrived at the period when Indian youth put



"If ever chance two wandering lovers brings  
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,  
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,  
And drink the falling tears each other sheds,  
Then sadly say, with mutual pity moved,  
'O may we never love as these have loved.'"

From the mass of offerings, I abstracted a couple of chaplets as an acceptable present to a pair of tender friends at home.

Another interesting monument, is that of Madame Lavalette, the victim of a better sentiment than ever swelled in the soul or veins of Heloise. If I remember aright, she never recovered the tumultuous shock of her husband's dangers and escape.—On the monument is a lively representation of the act that rendered her as honorable among wives, as Heloise is memorable among other ladies.

Many a body rests in these precincts, once inspired by a superior spirit. The man-slayers I do not mention, or care for,—there are so many better people to be remembered first, as Gretry, St. Pierre, Delille, Talma,—whose monument has no inscription,—Sicard, Cottin, Beaumarchais, La Place, Moliere, and La Fontaine, with a sculpture of the "wolf and the lamb." Poor old Fontenelle I could not find, who, on the verge of one hundred, asked an old acquaintance to whisper when he spoke of death,—as the grim prowler had forgotten them. David has a splendid monument, with his bust carved in relief upon it, showing the contortion of his mouth,—a faint emblem of the twist of his heart. His head only is buried here, and a wolfish one it was.

In the inscriptions, there are few "holy texts," and many record only the names and ages of the departed,—all, perhaps, that there was to be registered. The names are very sweet, for a Parisian lady likes to be consistent. Common names are Adele, Victorie, Etienne, Genevieve, Therese, Marie, Louise, Felicite, Helene, E'leonore, Euphrosine, Apesie, Christine, Aurore, Celeste, Angeliq. Few people, however, are without a combination of names, as Angeliq-Felicite-Marie Virginie, &c.

There is a monument to Baron Munchausen,—perhaps to the traveller of that title. I remember but one of an honest man. "Here lie the mortal remains of an honest man. He called himself Joseph Armand-Blondel." Many epitaphs are brief and abrupt, as "My Father lies here, June 15, 1815." "Rest, Esther, rest, too dear child."—Another inscription is, "Ah, 'ma Jenny."

**THE PIANO.**—A Piano-forte is a most agreeable object. It is a piece of furniture with a soul in it, ready to waken at a touch, and charm us with invisible beauty. Open or shut, it is pleasant to look at; but open, it looks best, smiling at us with its ivory, like the mouth of a sweet singer. The keys of a piano-forte are, of themselves, an agreeable spectacle,—an elegance not sufficiently prized for their aspect, because they are so common; but well worth regarding even in that respect. The color of the white keys is not of a cold white, or even when at their whitest there is something of a warmth in the idea of ivory. The black furnish sort of a Mosaic, and all are smooth and easy to the touch. It is one of the advantages of this instrument to the learner, that there is no discord to go through in getting at a tone. The tone is ready made. The finger touches the key, and there is music at once. Another and greater advantage is, that it contains a whole concert in itself, for you may play with all your fin-

gers, and then every finger performs the part of a separate instrument. True, it will not compare with a real concert,—with the rising winds of an orchestra; but in no single instrument, except the organ, can you have such a combination of sounds; and the organ itself cannot do for you what the piano-forte does. You can neither get it so cheap, nor will it condescend to play everything for you as the other does. It is a lion which has "no skill in dandling the kid." It is Jupiter, unable to put off his deity when he visits you. The piano-forte is not incapable of the grandest music, and it performs the light and neat to admiration, and does not omit even the tender. You may accompany with it, almost equally well, the social graces of Mozart, and the pathos of Winter and Paisiello; and, as to a certain miniature brilliance of taste and execution, it has given rise to a music of its own, in the hands of Clementi and others. All those delicate ivory keys which repose in such evenness and quiet, wait only the touch of the master's fingers to become a dancing and singing multitude, and, out of apparent confusion, make accordant loveliness. How pleasant to the initiated to see him lay his hand on them, as it in mere indifference, or at random; and, as he dimples the instrument with touches wide and numerous as rain-drops on a summer sea, play upon the ear the most regular harmonies, and give us, in a twinkling, elaborations, which it would take us years to pick out. We forget that he has gone through the same labor, and think only of the beautiful and mysterious result.

By the way, we know not whether the Italians use the word in the same sense at present; but in an old dictionary in our possession, the keys of musical instruments are called "*tasti*,"—*tastes*,—a very expressive designation. You do *taste* the piano-forte the moment you touch it. Anybody can taste it; which, as we said before, is not the case with other instruments, the tone in them not being ready made; though a master, of course, may apply the word to any.

"So said,—his hand, sprightly as fire, he flings,  
And with a quivering coyness *tastes* the strings."

Piano-fortes will probably be much improved by the next generation. Experiments are daily making with them, sometimes of much promise; and the extension of science on all hands bids fair to improve whatever is connected with mechanism. We are very well content, however, for ourselves, with the instrument as it is; are grateful for it, as a concert in miniature; and admire it as a piece of furniture in all its shapes; only we do not like to see it made a table of, and laden with moveables; nor when it is upright does it seem quite finished without a bust on it; perhaps, because it makes too good a pedestal, and seems to call for one.

*Piano-forte* (soft and strong) is not a good name for an instrument which is no softer nor stronger than some others. The organ unites the two qualities most; but *organ* (*organum*) instrumentum, —is if the *instrument*, by excellence, is the proper word for it, not to be parted with, and of a sound fit for its nobleness. The word *piano-forte* came up, when the harpsichord and spinet, its predecessors, were made softer. *Harpsichord* (*arpichorda*, —commonly called in Italian *clavicembalo*, or keyed cymbal, i. e. a box or hollow, *Fr.* *clavessin*) is a sounding, but hardly a good word, meaning a harp with chords—which may be said of any harp. *Spinet*, an older term (*spinette*, *thorns*;) signifies

the quills which used to occupy the place of the modern clothed hammers, and which produced the harsh sound in the old instruments; the quill striking the edge of the strings, like the nicking of a guitar-string by the nail. The spinet was preceded by the *Virginals*, the oldest instrument, we believe, of the kind,—so called, perhaps, from its being chiefly played upon by young women, or because it was used in singing hymns to the Virgin. Spencer has mentioned it in an English *Trimeter-Lambie*; one of those fantastic attempts to introduce the un congenialities of Latin versification, which the taste of the great poet soon led him to abandon.

**COLLEGES AT BOKHARA.**—There are about three hundred and sixty-six colleges at Bokhara, great and small, a third of which are large buildings, that contain upwards of seventy or eighty students. Many have but twenty, some only ten. The colleges are built in the style of caravanserais; a square building is surrounded by a number of small cells called 'hoojrus,' which are sold, and bear a value of sixteen tillas, though in some it is as high as thirty. A fixed allowance is given to the professor, and each of the resident students. The colleges are well endowed; the bazaars and baths of the city, as well as most of the surrounding fields, have been purchased by different pious individuals, for the purpose. It is understood by the law, that the revenues of the country are appropriated to the support of the church; a fourth of the sum is distributed on that account in Bokhara; and even the custom-house duties are shared by the priests. In the colleges, people may be found from all the neighboring countries except Persia, and the students are both young and aged. After seven or eight years' study they return to their country with an addition to their knowledge and reputation, but some continue for life at Bokhara. The possession of a cell gives the student a claim to a certain yearly maintenance from the foundation, as well as from the revenues of the country. The colleges are shut for half the year by order of the King, to enable their inmates to work in the fields, and to gain something additional to their livelihood. What would the fellows of Oxford and Cambridge think of mowing down wheat with a sickle! The season of vacation is called 'tuteel,' that of study 'tuhseel.' The students may marry, but cannot bring their wives to the college. In the season of study the classes are open from sunrise to sunset: the professor attends constantly, and the scholars dispute in his presence on points of theology, while he guides their debates. One person says: 'Prove there is a God!' and about five hundred set arguments are adduced: so it is with other matters. The students are entirely occupied with theology, which has superseded all other points: and they are quite ignorant even of the historical annals of their own country.—*Burnes's Travels.*

**WASHINGTON IRVING'S NEW WORK.**—We have had an opportunity of perusing a small portion of Washington Irving's new work, "A Tour on the Prairies"—enough, however, to convince us that it will be sought after and read with avidity—that it will enhance the reputation of its author and add to the literary character of the country. His descriptions of western life and scenery are equal to any thing of the kind in the language, while the quiet and contemplative spirit that breathes through other portions of the volumes, will delight and fas-

ciate every well regulated mind. The introductory chapter embraces a vindication of the author from the charge made against him in some of the newspapers of having *deserted* his own country.—It is entirely satisfactory. We regret that we cannot give the whole of it, but the following elegant passage, descriptive of the author's return to his native land, will command general approbation:

At length the long anticipated moment arrived. I again saw the "blue line of my native land" rising like a cloud in that horizon where, so many years before, I had seen it fade away. I again saw the bright city of my birth rising out of its beautiful bay; its multiplied spires and spires, and its prolonged forests of masts, proclaiming its augmented grandeur. My heart throbbed with pride and admiration as I gazed upon it—I gloried in being its son.

But how was the wanderer to be received, after such an absence? Was he to be taken, as a favored child, to its bosom; or repulsed as a stranger, and a changeling?

My old doubts recurred as I stepped upon land. I could scarcely realize that I was indeed in my native city, among the haunts of my childhood.—Might not this be another of those dreams that had so often beguiled me? There were circumstances enough to warrant such a surmise. I passed through places that ought to be familiar to me, but all were changed. Huge edifices and lofty piles had sprung up in the place of lowly tenements; the old landmarks of the city were gone; the very streets were altered.

As I passed on, I looked wistfully in every face; not one was known to me—not one! Yet I was in haunts where every visage was once familiar to me. I read the names over the doors: all were new.—They were unassociated with any early recollection. The saddening conviction stole over my heart that I was a stranger in my own home! Alas! thought I, what had I to expect from such an absence!

Let not the reader be mistaken. I have no doleful picture to draw; no sorrowful demand to make upon his sympathies. It has been the lot of many a wanderer, returning after a shorter lapse of years, to find the scenes of his youth gone to ruin and decay. If I had any thing to deplore, it was the improvement of my home. It had outgrown my recollection from its very prosperity, and strangers had crowded into it from every clime, to partake in its overflowing abundance. A little was sufficient to reconcile me to a change, the result of prosperity. My friends, too, once clustered in neighboring contiguity in a moderate community, now scattered widely asunder, over a splendid metropolis, soon gathered together to welcome me; and never did wanderer, after such an absence, experience such a greeting. Then it was that very doubt vanished from my mind. Then it was that I felt I was indeed at home—and that it was a home of the heart! I thanked my stars that had conducted me back to dwell among them while I had yet the capacity to enjoy their fellowship.

It is the very reception that I met with that has drawn from me these confessions. Had I experienced coldness or distrust—had I been treated as an alien from the sympathies of my countrymen, I should have buried my wounded feelings in my bosom, and remained silent. But they have welcomed me home with their old indulgence; they have shown that, notwithstanding my long absence, and the doubts and suggestions to which it had given rise, they still believe and trust in me.—

And now, let them feel assured, that I am heart and soul among them.

I make no boast of my patriotism; I can only say that, as far it goes, it is no blind attachment.—I have sojourned in various countries; have been treated in them above my deserts; and the remembrance of them is grateful and pleasant to me. I have seen what is brightest and best in foreign lands, and have found in every nation, enough to love and honor; yet, with all these recollections living in my imagination and kindling in my heart, I look around with delightful exultation upon my native land, and feel that after all my rambles about the world, I can be happiest at home.

**INDIAN SCALP DANCE.**—A mixed group of men, women & children, from the Indian village, thronged our encampment. Among them I observed the widow of a Chippewa warrior, who had been killed some three or four weeks previous, in the foray of the Leech Lake war party, in the Sioux country. She was accompanied by her children, and appeared dejected. I asked one of the Indians the place of her residence. He replied, here; that her husband was a brave warrior, and went on the call of the Leech Lake chief, with a number of volunteers, to join the party. I asked him of what number the party consisted? He replied about one hundred. Who had led them? The Gouille Platt.—Where had they met the enemy? South of the head of Leaf river. What had been the result of the action? They were victorious, having taken three scalps on the field, and lost but one, being the husband or the widow referred to. The action had, however, been at long shots, with frequent changes of position, and the enemy had finally fled to a village for reinforcement. The Chippewas took this opportunity to retreat, and, after consultation, returned, bringing back the three scalps, as memorials of their prowess. These trophies had, we learned, been exhibited in the customary dances at Leech Lake, after which one of them was forwarded to Oza Windib's band, to undergo a like ceremony. And it was finally presented to the widow. It was now exhibited by the young men in her behalf, for a purpose which was certainly new to me. Although I knew that this people were ingenious in converting most circumstances, connected with both fortune and misfortune, into a means of soliciting alms, I had never before seen the scalp of an enemy employed as a means of levying contributions. Such, however, was the purpose for which it was now brought forward. It was exhibited with all the circumstances of barbarian triumph. Shouts and dancing, intermingled with the sounds of the rattle and Indian drum, form the conspicuous traits of such a scene. Short harangues, terminated by a general shout, fill up the pauses of the dance. It was an outcry of this kind that first drew my attention to a neighboring eminence. I observed some of the simple bark enclosures which mark the locality of a Chippewa burial ground. Near them was erected a sort of triumphal arch, consisting of bent and tied saplings, from the arc formed by which depended an object which was said to be the remains of decaying scalps. Around this was gathered a crowd. Every time it waved, a new impulse seemed to be given to the shouting. The widow and her children were present. And the whole group of spectators, Canadians as well as Indians, appeared to regard the ceremony with an absorbing interest. In the brief pause which separated each dance, presents were

thrown in, and all that was given was deemed the property of the widow. This was the scalp dance.—*Schoolcraft's Journey to the Source of the Mississippi.*

**ANCIENT RELIC.**—An old volume has fallen into our hands within a day or two, which would doubtless be esteemed a pearl of great price by the devoted antiquarian. It contains several poems, sonnets, anagrams, essays, familiar letters, &c. &c. the oldest written in 1578—more than two and a half centuries ago—and the others in the interim of 1640. They were at first published at London separately, and afterwards collected and issued together. The volume is somewhat defaced, yet it has withstood the ravages of time much better than could be expected of works sent abroad at the present day. The paper is of extraordinary thickness and strength; the type comprises several varieties, including the old German text; and the orthography is perfectly characteristic of that time. The German text is not easily decyphered, yet we will give an extract or two from one of the poems, that our readers may have some idea of the inspiration and power of diction, of a writer of that period. Our quotations to-day shall be from the "Image of Irelande," written in 1578, by John Derricke, and dedicated "To the Right Worshipfull Maister Phillip Sydney, Esquire, sonne and heire to the right honourable Sir Henry Sydney, Knight of the moeste noble order of the Garter," &c. &c. The dedication is comprised in one sentence, and that runs through four large pages!—The poem occupies 100 pages, and touches upon many of the most prominent events connected with Irish history. The hero is one Rore Roge, leader of a formidable wild Irish, rebellious band, denominated Woodkarne, who, it seems, were a source of great annoyance to "God and the Croune," and a grievous scourge to the whole people. In the language of the writer,

No men so bare of heavenly grace,  
more foes to Countries soile:  
Nor traitours that doe more reioyce,  
when thei their neighbours spoil.  
No monsters louyng lesser peace,  
delighting more in warre:  
Nor Rebells seeking feller waies,  
a common wealthe to marre.  
No wight regarding vertue lesse,  
more prone to sinfull lust:  
Nor creatures liuyng under heauen,  
that men maie worser trust.  
Wherefore like gracelesse grafes,  
sprong from a wicked tree:  
Thei grow through daily exercise,  
to all iniquitie.

The author declares that this rebellious band is instigated to deeds of mischief and crime, by their spiritual advisers, whose power over them is absolute.

And more t'augment the flame,  
and rancour of thei harte:  
The Frier of his counsellis vile,  
to rebelles doth imparte.

Affirmyng that it is,  
 an almose deede to God :  
 To make the Englishe subiectes taste,  
 the Irishe Rebels rodde.  
 To spoile, to kill, to burne,  
 this Friers counsell is :  
 And for the doying of the same,  
 he warrantes heauenlie blisse.  
 He tells a holie tale,  
 the white he tournes to blacke :  
 And through the pardons in his Male,  
 he workes a knauishe knacke.

A conflict ensues between the Woodkarne and the Loyalists, and the latter return to Dublin victorious. In a note, we are furnished with the explanation of the succeeding four lines. [The note is as follows: "As a notable Rebel had in his life time greater dignitie then many of like profession, so beyng dead, his head receiues a more stately place of exaltation."]

His hedde is poled vp,  
 vpon the Castle hye :  
 Beholding starres, as though he were,  
 in high Astronomie.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 The Frier seying this,  
 laments that lucklesse parte :  
 And curseth to the pitte of hell,  
 the death mans sturdie harte :  
 Yet for to quight them with,  
 the Frier taketh paine ;  
 For all the synnes that ere he did,  
 remission to obtaine.  
 And therefore serues his booke,  
 the Candell and the Bell :  
 But thinke you that suche Apishe toies,  
 bring damned soules from hell ?  
 It longs not to my parte,  
 infernall thyngs to knowe :  
 But I beleue till latter daie,  
 thei rise not from belowe.  
 Yet hope that Friers giue,  
 to this rebellyng rout,  
 If that their soules should chaunce in hell,  
 to bryng them quicklie out,  
 Doeth make them lead suche liues  
 as neither God nor man  
 Without reuenge for their desartes  
 permitte or suffer can.  
 Thus Friers are the cause,  
 the Fountaine and the Spring,  
 Of hurleburles in this lande,  
 of eche unhappie thing.  
 Thei cause them to rebell,  
 againt their (soueraigne quene)  
 And through rebellion often times  
 their liues doe vanishe clene.  
 So as by Friers meanes,  
 in whom all follie swimme :  
 The Irish karne doe often looe,  
 the life with hedde and limme.

AN AZOREAN MARRIAGE.—Our journey hence was enlivened by an immense crowd of peasantry proceeding in merry song from the distant chapel of Santa Barbara, where a juvenile couple had just been united in the solemn bands of wedlock. All were clad in their best attire, according to the curious, picturesque costume peculiar to the island, which, for the men, consists of a blue jacket almost covered in front with buttons; a red brown or party-coloured waist-coat, with breeches unbuttoned at the knees, shewing a pair of white drawers, which hang somewhat lightly beneath, with rude long leather gaiters, over shoes or raw

hide sandals; the very singular hat, called the carapuca, is made of felt, covered with coarse blue cloth, and has a rim (the under part lined with red cloth) six inches wide, terminating with a crescented gore in front, where the pointed ends of the gore are turned up and have the appearance of horns; a broad pendant lappet is attached to it behind which covers the neck and shoulders. Over this costume is worn in cold weather, a long blue cloak, which, with the tall spike stick they usually carry, gives a most curious appearance to the general exterior of the peasantry of St Michael's.—The bride was clad in a short green dress, with a high stiff bodice surmounted by a quantity of lace, with a white spreading cap of flowing lace and ribbands, and large ear-rings, necklace, chains, etc. of gold—which, according to their riches or importance, always distinguish the female peasantry of the Azores. The group, on approaching our cavalcade, stopped; when after a courteous obeisance and with complimentary expressions in favor of our nation, two of the wedding party, with guitars, commenced an air, or rather a dissonant repetition of chords, accompanied by an extemporaneous epithalamium, to which the whole responded in bellowing chorus.—*Boid's Account of the Western Islands.*

#### THE LITTLE NURSE.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Shall we not seize the time and ride  
 By Avon's stream, by Lara's side,  
 To yon lone vale where, hid from day,  
 The miner works his venturesome way,  
 Wrestling from earth her glittering hoard,  
 Beneath primeval ruin stored;  
 Heap piled on heap, as wave on wave,  
 Of worlds succeeding worlds the grave.

Such were the concluding lines of an invitation once sent me, to join a few scientific friends on a tour through the Wicklow hills. An amateur in geology was the Laureate of the party. The events of this little excursion are among the pleasantest recollections of my life; but in the following sketch of our first day's progress, I have omitted much, especially in details of scenery, rendered familiar by the pens of more professed tourists; and indeed my chief inducement to arrange these notes for perusal is, that they include an affecting and somewhat novel incident in the history of domestic life.

The first object of our excursion was the great lead mine of Luggenure, opening, as our geologist informed us, on the side of a lofty hill, and driven downwards to a great depth through the solid rock. To reach this point we started with the earliest dawn, ere sunrise were upon a road which, winding at the base of Sugarloaf mountain, leads by a very gradual ascent to the plain of Caljory, on its south western side. Here our botanist, Mr. Neville, who has preserved beyond the close of his half century, all the freshness of spirit and much of the activity of youth, insisted on climbing the mountain in quest of some of the rarer species of fern which he expected to find among the rocks near the summit. The geologist, hammer in hand, backed this proposal—our painter anticipated a glorious view from the peak; and Dr. James and myself, having no hobbies of our own, were content to enjoy it with him.

Accordingly, where the road wound thro' the valley of Glencormac, we quitted our vehicle, and, sending it forward to meet us at the opposite side, began to climb the shoulder of the hill, altho' the

shrine of Baal, or her brother been torn from her arms to pass through fire to Moloch.

I must not lengthen this paper by a description of Luggenure; especially as I did not enter the mine myself. The painter, who did (his sublime and beautiful lie above ground, and he is somewhat fastidious in his dress) after ten minutes' disappearance, suddenly scrambled out, denouncing it as 'a den; sir; a mere hole; deep, dirty, dark, and dangerous.' Our geologist, on the contrary, was enchanted, and saw worlds piled on worlds at every step of his descent.

It was evening when we returned to the sick child; and to our inexpressible satisfaction, found him so much relieved, that the doctor considered his danger nearly over. I may add, that before we left the neighborhood he had perfectly recovered.

Years have since rolled by, and I have seen little 'Statia in the bloom of womanhood, surrounded by those children to whom; 'herself a child, she had been as a mother. The elder boys were then sufficiently grown to be able to assist their father, and add somewhat to the comforts of their cabin. The latter had improved in its furniture, and was enlarged by an additional room. She did not recollect me, till I reminded her of the scene I have described, and enquired for the child. She then blushed and smiled, and beckoned to a rosy boy, who came prancing across the floor, and jumped upon her lap; said she 'did you ever see that gentleman before?'

For the Traveller.

[Inscribed to A. Hewins, Esq.]

BY O. W. W.

LO STUDIO.

I love to sit, in calm and thoughtful mood,  
Where Mind can never find a solitude;  
Where, like a dream, the Past around it steals,  
And, as it once hath felt, my spirit feels  
A glow, that o'er its every vision plays  
And wins it back to brighter, sunnier days.  
Immortal Art! 'Tis thine to wake again  
The sweet remembrance of youth's buoyant strain;  
To breathe a music the glad spirit o'er,  
We thought her pulse had lost forevermore.

The veil of night steals o'er me like a shroud,  
The sky is mantled with a lingering cloud—  
In vain my brow a smiling look would wear,  
My heart in vain would seek a solace there:—  
Yet look! The sun upon the streamlet plays,  
The very sun I loved in former days;  
The very stream which I was wont to seek,  
And feel its waters trickle o'er my cheek.  
Unfading Image!—An immortal Art  
Hath made its beauties living to my heart,  
Hath brought before mine eye each earlier scene,  
The birds as joyous, and the grass as green,  
As when my foot, in careless humor trod  
The forest path, or wooed the Summer sod.

Immortal Art! we view thy works, and find  
The ray of Genius and the glow of Mind;  
Unchanged—unfading—Life and Beauty dwell  
In thee and with thee—by thy holy spell  
The Past is seen; its Image is unveiled,  
And lips, whose fleeting smile we have bewailed,  
Once more to all their former truths awaken;  
And bless the hearts they have too soon forsaken!  
As some wild song hath seemed so musical,  
'Tis sweet its faded accents to recal,  
And, though the lips are mute that used to sing it,  
A passing tone may to remembrance bring it—  
O thus 'tis sweet to gaze upon the brow.  
To meet the smile whose ray hath faded now—

The look that gladdened Life and its career,  
Veiled from the eye—yet living, breathing here—  
A Portrait of that Form we loved the most,  
And—losing—have not altogether lost!

Thus, in the Studio, have I fondly met  
A spell, a dream I never can forget;  
Thus, o'er each quiet nook, a light hath played,  
Too sweet to die, too exquisite to fade;  
And I have learned to prize the hours that blend  
Joy with improvement, Genius with a Friend.

To him, whose foot Italia's green hath trod,  
Whose step hath been upon her classic sod,  
Whose ear, amid her visionary throng,  
Hath heard the voice of unforgotten song—  
To him, my accents may call back the time  
Which, dreamlike passed, in her serenest clime:—

#### ITALIA.

Though bright be the sky that is beaming o'er me,  
Thy fair smile, Italia, O fain would I see;  
And rest in the places, where fondly my heart  
Hath worshipped thy beauties, and treasured thy Art.  
Far, far from the land where my foot loved to stray,  
I have turned me forever, forever away;  
And only in fancy can treasure the spot,  
Whose brightest enchantment shall ne'er be forgot.

Italia! O fain would my bosom again  
Throb wildly, while hearing thy magical strain—  
Yet now to thy beauty, thy light and thy spell,  
My spirit must whisper a long, long farewell.

THE PRAISE OF HEMP-SEED.—In the antique volume referred to at page 149, we find a long poem setting forth in glowing terms, the wonderful qualities of hemp-seed. It is altogether an ingenious production, and some parts partake largely of the true spirit of poesy. The author is 'John Taylor;' and in accordance with immemorial usage, he prefixes to his effusion an 'epistle dedicatory.' His 'patrones and patrons' are 'Sir Thomas Hovvet and Sir Robert Wiseman, Knight;' and 'the Worthy Gentleman, Mr. John Wiseman,' whom he addresses in the following quaint and facetious manner:

'Noble Sirs: I could have soyled a greater volume then this, with a deale of emptie and triuall stuffe: as puling *Sonnets*, whining *Elegies*, the Dog-trickes of *Loue*, toyes to mocke *Apes*, and transforme Men into *Asses*, which kinde of writing is like a Man in authority, ancient in yeers, reuerend in Beard, with a promising out-side of wisdom and grauity, yet in the expected performances of his profound understanding, his capacity speaks nothing but *Mittimus*. But here your worshipps shall finde no such Stuffe: for though I haue not done as well as I should, yet I haue performed as much as I could. I haue not Riuers of *Oyle*, or Fountaines of *Wine* to fill this my poore Caske or Booke: but I haue (as it were) extracted *Oyle* out of *Steele*, and *Wine* out of drie *Chaffe*. I haue here of a Graine of *Hemp-seed* made a Mountaine greater then the *Apenines* or *Caucasus*, and not much lesser then the whole World. Here is labour, profit, cloathing, pleasure, food, Nauigation: Diuinity; Poetry, the liberrall Artes, Armes, Vertues defence; Vices offence; a true mans protection, a Thieffes Execution. Here is mirth and matter all beaten out of this small *Seed*.'

The writer proceeds to enumerate the various uses to which the article of hemp is applied, from which he weaves quite an interesting story. We

make an extract illustrating its indispensable utility in the business of navigation.

You braue *Neptunians*, you salt water crew,  
*Sea plowing Mariners*; I speake to you:  
 From *Hemp* you for yourselves and others gaine  
 Your *spirit-sayle*, *fore-sayle*, *top-sayle*, and your *maine*,  
*Top* and *top-gallant*, and your *mizzen abaft*,  
 Your *coursers*, *bonnets*, *drablers*, *fore and aft*,  
 The *sheets*, *tacks*, *boliers*, *braces*, *halliards*, *tyes*,  
*Shrouds*, *rattings*, *lanyards*, *tackles*, *lifts*, and *guyes*,  
 Your *marlines*, *ropeyarnes*, *gaskets*, and your *slayes*,  
 These for your vse, small *Hemp seed* vp doth raise:  
 The *boighrope*, *boatrope*, *guestrope*, *earthrope*, *portrope*,  
 The *bucket-rope*, the *bolt-rope*, *long* or *short rope*,  
 The *entering rope*, the *top-rope*, (and the rest  
 Which you that are acquainted with know best:)  
 The *lines* to sound in what depth you doe slide,  
*Cables* and *Hauser*, by which ships doe ride:  
 All these, and many more then I can name,  
 From this small *seed*, good industry doth frame.

The author introduces a description of a 'storm at sea,' in which, among some deficiencies of metrical rhythm, the reader will recognise much genuine inspiration—indeed, we have seldom seen a more vivid or graphic delineation of a tempest-tost ship, driven to and fro by the contending elements—the sport of wind and wave, and utterly beyond all human control. It follows:

And now ere I offend, I must confess,  
 A little from my theame I will digresse;  
 Striving in verse to shew a liuely forme  
 Of an impetuous *gust*, or deadly *storme*.  
 Where vncontrolled *Hyperborean blasts*  
 Tear all to tatters, *tacklings*, *sailes*, and *masts*:  
 Where boisterous puffs of *Eurus* breath did hize,  
 And 'mongst our *shrouds* and *Cordage* wildly whiz:  
 Where thundring *Ioue* (Jove) amidst his lightning flashing,  
 Seem'd overwhelm'd with *Neptunes* mountain dashing:  
 Where glorious *Titan* hid his burning light,  
 Turning his bright *meridian* to black night:  
 Where blustering *Eole* blew confounding breath,  
 And thunders dreadful *larum* threatened death:  
 Where *Skies* and *Seas*, *Hayle*, *Winde* and fluttering  
*Sleet*,  
 As if they all at once had meant to meet  
 In fatal opposition, to expire  
 The world, and vnto *Chaos* back retire.  
 Thus whilst the *windes* and *Seas*, contending gods,  
 In rough robustious furie, are at odds,  
 The beaten *Ship* tost like a forcelesse feather,  
 Now vp, now downe, and no man knowing whither:  
 The *Topmast* sometime tilting at the *Moone*,  
 And being vp doth fall againe as soone,  
 With such precipitating low descent,  
 As if to helix black kingdome downe she went.  
 Poore *ship*, that *radder* or no steerage feels,  
 Sober, yet worse then any drunkard reeles,  
 Vnmannag'd, guidelesse, to and fro she wallowes,  
 Which (seemingly) the angry billowes swallowes.  
 Midst *darknesse*, *lightning*, *thunder*, *sleet* and *raime*,  
 Remorselesse *windes*, and mercy-wanting *Maine*,  
 Amazement, horror, dread, from each mans face  
 Had chas'd away lifes blood, and in the place  
 Was sad despair, with haire heau'd vp, vpright,  
 With ashy visage, and with sad affright,  
 As if grim *Death* with his all murdering *Dart*,  
 Had ayned beene at each mans bloodlesse heart.

GERMAN SOCIETY.—Society at Munich has a strong relish for the pipe and beer-pot. Smoking, indeed, is forbid in the streets, where it might be borne, but permitted in rooms, where it is not tolerable. The Germans have, one and all, what I might designate, bit as I am by the genius of their very composite language, a fresh-air-i-phobia.—

Like fish, they can breathe only in an element thick enough to smother any living thing else.—Sixty Germans will sit dove-tailed in a small dining-room, every door and window shut, with the steam of meats, the evaporation of pint pots, smoke of cigars, meerschauims, tapers, besides the aroma, quite other than divine, exhaling from their own bodies; they will sit thus on the finest summer evening, till they become as reeky and smutty as coal-heavers at carouse, and the atmosphere around them is almost thick enough to be twisted. And the best of it is, all ranks are sunk in this enjoyment of the lowest. Pipe and beer-pot do not spare, as historians would say, either sex, age, or condition.—There is a huge beer temple called the *Frohsinn*, of classical architecture, and supported by the Corinthian pillars of society at Munich; in this German Almack's, where balls and concerts enlist all the bon-ton of the capital, tobacco furnishes the reigning perfume, and malt the fashionable beverage. Here comes royalty at times to smoke, and stiew, and bemuse itself; here flock all the beauty and birth of Bavaria, to list the soft tale or petition puffed out of one cheek with tobacco fume, and be clasped round the waist in an entrancing waltz by a hand just unclasped from the waist of a tancard. Pugh! conceive what a fragrance these flowers of the human kind must exhale next morning, when the vapours of short-cut and pig-tail, and hop and wort, have got cold in their petticoats! But, of course, it is Sabæan to their nostrils, just as the smell of whale oil or bear's grease to those of the anointed Esquimaux. This propensity to besot themselves, you will say, is scarce *Attic* among the modern Athenians. So far as this goes, they are, in fact, little better than white Hottentots.—*Athenæum*.

#### A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

BY E. MATTHIAS.

There is a vast amount of suffering in the world that escapes general observation. In the lanes and alleys of our populous cities, in the garrets and cellars of dilapidated buildings, there are frequent cases of misery, degradation, and crime, of which those who live in comfortable houses, and pursue the ordinary duties of life, have neither knowledge nor conception. By mere chance, occasionally, a solitary instance of depravity and awful death is exposed, but the startling details which are placed before the community, are regarded as gross exaggerations. It is difficult for those who are unacquainted with human nature in its darkest aspects, to conceive the immeasurable depth to which crime may sink a human being,—and the task of attempting to delineate a faithful picture of such depravity, though it might interest the philosopher, would be revolting to the general reader. There are, however, cases of folly and error, which should be promulgated as warnings, and the incidents of the annexed sketch are of this character. Mysterious are the ways of Providence in punishing the transgressions of men,—and indisputable is the truth, that Death is the wages of Sin.

Twenty years ago, no family in the fashionable circles of Philadelphia was more distinguished than that of Mr. L\*\*\*\*\*: no lady was more admired and esteemed than his lovely and accomplished wife. They had married in early life, with the sanction of relations and friends, and under a conviction that each was obtaining a treasure above all price. They loved devotedly and with enthusiasm, and their bridal day was a day of pure and

unadulterated happiness to themselves, and of pleasure to those who were present to offer their congratulations on the joyous event. The happy pair were the delight of a large circle of acquaintances. In her own parlor, or in the drawing-rooms of her friends, the lady was ever the admiration of those who crowded around her, to listen to the rich melody of her voice, or to enjoy the flashes of wit and intelligence which characterized her conversation.

Without the egotism and vanity which sometimes distinguish those to whom society pays adulation, and too prudent and careful in her conduct to excite any feelings of jealousy in the breast of her confiding husband, Mrs. L——'s deportment was in all respects becoming a woman of mind, taste, and polished education. Her chosen companion noticed her career with no feelings of distrust, but with pride and satisfaction. He was happy in the enjoyment of her undivided love and affection, and happy in witnessing the evidences of esteem which her worth and accomplishments elicited. Peace and prosperity smiled on his domestic circle, and his offspring grew up in loveliness, to add new pleasures to his career.

The youngest of his children was a daughter, named Letitia, after her mother, whom, in many respects, she promised to resemble. She had the same laughing blue eyes, the same innocent and pure expression of countenance, and the same general outline of feature. At an early age her sprightliness, acute observation, and aptitude in acquiring information, furnished sure evidences of intelligence, and extraordinary pains were taken to rear her in such a manner as to develop, advantageously, her natural powers. The care of her education devolved principally upon her mother, and the task was assumed with a full consciousness of its responsibility.

With the virtuous mother, whose mind is unshackled by the absurdities of extreme fashionable life, there are no duties so weighty, and at the same time so pleasing, as those connected with the education of an only daughter. The weight of responsibility involves not only the formation of an amiable disposition and correct principles, but in a great measure, the degree of happiness which the child may subsequently enjoy. Errors of education are the fruitful source of misery, and to guard against these is a task which requires judgment, and unremitting diligence. But for this labor, does not the mother receive a rich reward? Who may tell the gladness of her heart, when the infant cherub first articulates her name? Who can describe the delightful emotions elicited by the early development of her genius,—the expansion of the intellect when it first receives, and treasures with eagerness, the seeds of knowledge? These are joys known only to mothers, and they are joys which fill the soul with rapture.

Letitia was eight years old, when a person of genteel address and fashionable appearance, named Duval, was introduced to her mother by her father, with whom he had been intimate when a youth, and between whom a strong friendship had existed from that period. Duval had recently returned from Europe, where he had resided a number of years. He was charmed with the family, and soon became a constant visitor. Having the entire confidence of his old friend and companion, all formality in reference to intercourse was laid aside, and he was heartily welcomed at all hours, and under all circumstances. He formed one in all parties of pleasure, and in the absence of his friend, accompanied his lady on her visits of amusement and

pleasure,—a privilege which he sedulously improved whenever opportunity offered.

Duval, notwithstanding his personal attractions and high character as a 'gentleman,' belonged to a class of men which has existed more or less in all ages, to disgrace humanity. He professed to be a philosopher, but was in reality a libertine. He lived for his own gratification. It monopolized all his thoughts, and directed all his actions. He belonged to the school of Voltaire, and recognized no feelings of the heart as pure, no tie of duty or affection as sacred. No considerations of suffering, of heart-rending grief, on the part of his victim, were sufficient to intimidate his purpose, or check his career of infamy. Schooled in hypocrisy, dissimulation was his business: and he regarded the whole world as the sphere of his operations,—the whole human family as legitimate subjects for his villainous depravity.

That such characters,—so base, so despicable, so lost to all feelings of true honor,—can force their way into respectable society, and poison the minds of the unsullied and virtuous, may well be a matter of astonishment to those unacquainted with the desperate artfulness of human hearts. But these monsters appear not in their true character: they assume the garb and deportment of gentlemen, of philosophers, of men of education and refinement, and by their accomplishments, the suavity of their manners, their sprightliness of conversation, bewilder before they poison, and fascinate before they destroy.

If there be, in the long catalogue of guile, one character more hatefully despicable than another, it is the libertine. Time corrects the tongue of slander, and the generosity of friends makes atonement for the depredations of the midnight robber. Sufferings and calamities may be assuaged or mitigated by the sympathies of kindred hearts, and the tear of affection is sufficient to wash out the remembrance of many of the sorrows to which flesh is heir. But for the venom of the libertine, there is no remedy,—of its fatal consequences, there is no mitigation. His victims, blasted in reputation, are forever excluded from the pale of virtuous society. No sacrifice can atone for their degradation, for the unrelenting and inexorable finger of scorn obstructs their progress at every step. The visitation of death, appalling as is his approach to the unprepared, were a mercy, compared with the extent and permanency of this evil.

Duval's insidious arts were not unobserved by his intended victim. She noticed the gradual development of his pernicious principles, and shrunk with horror from their contaminating influence.—She did not hesitate to communicate her observations to her husband,—but he, blinded by prejudice in favor of his friend, laughed at her scruples.—Without a word of caution, therefore, his intercourse was continued,—and such was the weight of his ascendant power,—such the perfection of his deep laid scheme, and such his facility in glossing over what he termed  *pardonable*, but which, in reality, were grossly licentious, indiscretions of language and conduct,—that even the lady herself was induced, in time, to believe that she had treated him unjustly. The gradual progress of licentiousness is almost imperceptible, and before she was aware of her error, she had drunk deeply of the intoxicating draught, and had well nigh become a convert to Duval's system of philosophy. Few who approach this fearful precipice are able to retrace their steps. The senses are bewildered,—reason loses its sway,—and a whirlpool of madden-

ing emotions takes possession of the heart, and hurries the infatuated victim to irretrievable death. Before her suspicions were awakened, the purity of her family circle was destroyed. Duval enrolled on his list of conquests a new name,—*the wife of his bosom friend!*

An immediate divorce was the consequence.—The misguided woman, who but late had been the ornament of society, and the pride of her family, was cast out upon the world, unprotected, and without the smallest resource. The heart of the husband was broken by the calamity which rendered this step necessary, and he retired, with his children, to the obscurity of humble life.

At a late hour on one of those bitter cold evenings experienced in the early part of January, of the present year, two females, a mother and daughter, both wretchedly clad, stood shivering at the entrance of a cellar, in the lower part of the city, occupied by two persons of color. The daughter appeared to be laboring under severe indisposition, and leaned for support on the arm of her mother, who, knocking at the door, craved shelter and warmth for the night. The door was half opened in answer to the summons, but the black who appeared on the stairs, declared it was out of his power to comply with the request, as he had neither fire,—except that which was furnished by a handful of tan,—nor covering for himself and wife. The mother, however, too much inured to suffering to be easily rebuked, declared that herself and daughter were likely to perish from cold, and that even permission to rest on the floor of the cellar, where they would be protected, in some degree, from the “nipping and eager air,” would be a charity for which they would ever be grateful. She alleged as an excuse for the claim of shelter, that she had been ejected, a few minutes before, from a small room which, with her daughter, she had occupied in a neighboring alley, and for which she had stipulated to pay fifty cents per week, because she had found herself unable to meet the demand,—every resource for obtaining money having been cut off by the severity of the season. The black, more generous than many who are more ambitious of a reputation for benevolence, admitted the shivering applicants, and at once resigned, for their accommodation for the night, the only two seats in the cellar, and cast a fresh handful of tan upon the ashes in the fire place.

It was a scene of wretchedness, want, and misery, calculated to soften the hardest heart, and to enlist the feelings and sympathies of the most selfish. The regular tenants of the cellar were the colored man and his wife, who gained a scanty and precarious subsistence, as they were able, by casual employments in the streets, or in neighboring houses. Having in summer made no provision for the inclemencies of winter, they were then utterly destitute. They had sold their articles of clothing and furniture, one by one, to provide themselves with bread, until all were disposed of, but two broken chairs, a box that served for a table, and a small piece of carpeting, which answered the double purpose of a bed and covering. Into this department of poverty were the mother and daughter,—lately ejected from a place equally destitute of the comforts of life,—introduced. The former was a woman of about fifty years, but the deep furrows on her face, and her debilitated frame, betokened a more advanced age. Her face was wan and pale, and her haggard countenance and tattered dress, indicated a full measure of wretch-

edness. Her daughter sat beside her, and rested her head on her mother's lap. She was about 25 years of age, and might once have been handsome,—but a life of debauchery had thus early robbed her cheeks of their roses, and prostrated her constitution. The pallidness of disease was on her face,—anguish was in her heart.

Hours passed on. In the gloom of midnight, the girl awoke from a disturbed and unrefreshing slumber. She was suffering from acute pain, and in the almost total darkness which pervaded the apartment, raised her hand to her mother's face.—‘Mother,’ said she, in faltering accents, ‘are you here?’

‘Yes, child : are you better?’

‘No, mother,—I am sick,—sick unto death!—There is a canker at my heart,—my blood grows cold,—the torpor of mortality is stealing upon me.’

‘In the morning, my dear, we shall be better provided for. Bless Heaven, there is still one place which, thanks to the benevolent, will afford sustenance and shelter.’

‘Do not thank Heaven, mother : you and I are outcasts from that place of peace and rest. We have spurned Providence from our hearts, and need not now call him to our aid. Wretches, wretches that we are!’

‘Be composed, daughter,—you need rest.’

‘Mother, there is a weight of woe upon my breast, that sinks me to the earth. My brief career of folly is almost at an end. I have erred,—and the consciousness of my wickedness now overwhelms me. I will not reproach you, mother, for laying the snare by which I fell,—for enticing me from the house of virtue,—the home of my heart-broken father,—to the house of infamy and death ; but oh, I implore you, repent : be warned, and let penitence be the business of your days.’

The hardened heart of the mother melted at this touching appeal, and she answered with a half-stifled sigh.

‘Promise me then, ere I die, that you will abandon your ways of iniquity, and endeavor to make peace with Heaven.’

‘I do,—I do ! But, alas ! my child, what hope is there for me?’

‘God is merciful to all who —.’

The last word was inaudible. A few respirations, at long intervals, were heard, and the penitent girl sunk into the quiet slumber of death.—Still did the mother remain in her seat, with a heart harrowed by the smittings of an awakened conscience. Until the glare of daylight was visible through the crevices of the door, and the noise of the foot passengers and the rumbling of vehicles in the street had aroused the occupants of the cellar, she continued motionless, pressing to her bosom the lifeless form of her injured child. When addressed by the colored woman, she answered with an idiot stare. Sensibility had fled,—the energies of her mind had relaxed, and reason had deserted its throne. The awful incidents of that night had prostrated her intellect, and she was conveyed from the place, a MANIAC !

The Coroner was summoned, and an inquest held over the body of the daughter. In the books of that humane and estimable officer, the name of the deceased is recorded,—‘LETITIA L\*\*\*\*\*.’

A BENGAL CIVILIAN.—The contrast between the mansion of an aristocratic civilian in Calcutta and the rude cottages of these hardy mountaineers (of the Himalaya chain) is sufficiently striking. The



former has every thing around him which wealth can procure. Seated on an easy chair of the coolest construction, one leg carelessly thrown upon a handsome mahogany table, the other resting languidly on a costly morah, (footstool) he smokes his hookah in all the indolent luxury of a temperature of forty-five degrees. His sirac (house-steward) advances with a profound salaam to receive his orders for the day; the hookah badar stands ready to replace the exhausted chillum, peadah (running footman) to bear his master's commands wherever he may choose to have them conveyed, and the punka-bearer the broad leaf of the palmyra. Every want is anticipated; all he has to do for himself is to think, and as soon as his wishes are expressed, they are executed. His hair is dressed, his beard shaved, his feet are washed, and his nails paired by his ready attendants. When he lolls on his couch, he is fanned by an obedient Mussulman or Hindoo; when he sleeps, a yak's (Tibet bull's) tail is waved over his head in gentle and cooling undulations to keep off the obtrusive musquitos, which would otherwise mark him for their own; when he retires to his nightly repose, he is undressed by his obsequious valet, and when he rises from his luxurious slumbers he is dressed by the same hand. When he goes abroad he is borne on the shoulders of four sturdy retainers, and attended by as many men; or, when he chooses to go on foot, covered by the chatta (umbrella) which glitters with its costly array in the sun-beams, and followed by a host of servitors of various ranks and designations, his walk for pleasure or exercise is a positive procession.—*Oriental Annual*.

**A NIGHT IN AN INDIAN LODGE.**—Returning from an unsuccessful hunt about dusk, we found, upon entering the lodge, that the wolves had paid it a visit during our absence on the previous night.—'The *pukwi* or mats, which had formed quite a comfortable carpeting for the humble chamber, were torn to pieces, and the voracious animals had devoured whatever articles of skin or leather, they could lay their teeth upon. A pair of moccasins belonging to the Rattlesnake—the carrying straps of the Canadian—and a shot-pouch of my own, had all been spirited off in this audacious burglary.—"Wah!" ejaculated Che-che-gwa, with a ludicrous intonation of dismay, as he followed me into the shantee—*wha-naip-ti-ti*—"whose dog is this?" echoed White Plume, thrusting his head over the shoulder of the officer, as his companion paused at the threshold to observe the extent of the mischief. *Kitchi-que-naitch*—"It is very well," added he drily, upon observing that a large piece of moose meat, suspended from the rafters, had escaped the long-haired pilferers. I could not but sympathize with him in the self-gratulation, for I remembered once, while spending a day or two with a settler in Michigan, having gone supperless to bed when equally sharp-set, after a severe day's hunt, owing to a similar neighborly visit. The prairie-wolf, though a much less ferocious and powerful animal than the woods-wolf, makes up in sagacious impudence, for his want of size and strength. On the occasion alluded to, one of these fellows had climbed into the window of a shantee, and actually carried off a whole saddle of venison, which had been prepared for cooking, before the settler and myself had started, soon after dawn, on our day's tramp.

White Plume now deposited his rifle in a corner of the lodge, and leaving the Canadian to put

our disarranged household to rights, he proceeded to the *sunjeron*, or cache, which was made in the bank of a rivulet near the door, and soon returned with a gourd of bear's fat, and a sack of hard corn. The latter, when pounded and duly mixed with the snowy lard, made a crisp and inviting dressing for the moose meat, and enabled the Frenchman, who acted as cook, to turn out some *cotelettes panées*, that for flavor and relish would not have discredited the cuisine of Delmonico. I confess, however, that my appreciation of the luxurious fare was not enhanced by the dexterity with which White Plume would, ever and anon, thrust the ramrod of his short northwest rifle into the dish, and flit the dripping slices into his expectant mouth; nor was the marksman-like precision, with which Che-che-gwa launched his scalping knife into the kettle, that served us for both frying-pan and platter, less refined and elegant. It was not the fault of my worthy companions, however, that we had no silver forks at table; and they certainly committed no greater breach of decorum in their eating, than I have often observed on board an eastern steamboat.

*Caw ke-we-ah m' woi-gru-nah needji*—"will you not eat, my friend," observed White Plume more than once, offering me a morceau from the point of his chop-stick. In spite of the example of Lord Byron and Sir John Malcolm—accepting the reeking pilau from the greasy knuckles of Turk and Persian—I thought myself at liberty to decline the proffered civility, inasmuch as I was not partaking of the particular hospitality of the Indian, but felt myself as much at home in the entertainment, as he was himself. The customary pipe succeeded, and there being no more "firewater"—*skuta-warbo*—in the flask of the Canadian, we added an additional quantity of tobacco to the willow scrapings from the kinnekinic bag, in order to make the smoking mixture more potent. The fumes of the inebriating weed very soon began to act upon the excitable system of White Plume, and he regaled us with a number of songs which were any thing but musical. There was but one of them that appeared to me to have any thing poetical, either in sentiment or imagery, to recommend it. It was a *mezi neneence*, or "medicine" song of a lover, in which he is supposed to have some magical power of knowing the secret thoughts of his mistress, and being able to win her to him from a distance.—In English, it might run as follows:—

Who, maiden, makes this river flow?  
The Spirit—he makes the ripples glow—  
But I have a charm that can make thee, dear,  
Steal over the wave to thy lover here.

Who, maiden, makes this river flow?  
The Spirit—he makes its ripples glow—  
Yet every blush, that my love would hide,  
Is mirror'd for me in the tell-tale tide.

And though thou should'st sleep on the farthest isle,  
Round which these dimpling waters smile—  
Yet I have a smile that can make thee, dear,  
Steal over the wave to thy lover here.

In the fragments of rude and often insipid poetry with which the singer followed up this specimen of his art, there were occasional allusions which interested me, and for which I attempted to get an explanation. But it was almost impossible to obtain a direct answer, for White Plume, though a great talker for an Indian, had no faculty for conversation; that is, there was no such thing as exchanging ideas with him; and even when I asked him the names of particular things, in order to increase my slight vocabulary of his language, his

replies were equally rambling. Among other objects, the Evening Star, which glows with remarkable effulgence in the clear frosty atmosphere of these regions, attracted my eye, as its silver rays, pouring through an opening of our lodge, exhibited even more than their wonted virgin purity, when contrasted with the red glare of our fire. He mumbled over some unpronounceable epithet, when I asked the name of it, which was wholly lost upon my ear. But the question gave a new and more steady turn to his wandering ideas; and with the occasional assistance of my Canadian interpreter, I was able to follow him out in a very pleasing story, founded upon an Indian superstition, connected with the planet. The tale will of course lose much on second-hand repetition; for no writer has as yet succeeded in his attempts to infuse the true Indian character into his narrative, when he speaks in the person of a red man. The figurative phraseology of the luxurious Asiatic, and the terse conciseness of expression, that survives in a few relics of the poetry of the ancient Northmen, are so ingeniously reconciled and blended in the language of our aborigines, as to defy even the genius of our great American novelist to imitate it; and it would be impertinent in another to attempt what Cooper has failed in.

**SLAVES IN ANCIENT STATES.**—It is difficult for a modern to conceive the number of slaves that existed in the most populous Greek and Italian cities. The city of Corinth, the most commercial and opulent of Greece, possessed within her walls forty six myriads, or 460,000. When Demetrius Phalereus took a census of the population of Athens, free, servile, and foreigners, there were found 21,000 citizens, 10,000 domiciled foreigners, and no less than 400,000 slaves. Nicias had 1000 slaves, which he hired out to work in the silver mines of Thraee, at an obolus, or 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  a-day.—Æginatæ, a trading people, possessing many ships, but a very small territorial limit, possessed according to Aristotle, 470,000. Some of the citizens of Dardanus possessed more than 1000 slaves. Many Roman families had 10,000 or 20,000 or even more, and these were kept and maintained by them not always for gain, but sometimes for mere show and attendance. Smindyridas, a native of Syharis, a town celebrated for its voluptuousness and accomplished luxury, took along with him, when he went to his marriage, 1000 slaves, as ministrants to him, some of them cooks, some poulterers, some fishers, &c. An immense number of slaves were maintained by the free inhabitants of Sicily; they frequently mutinied against their masters, and threw the whole island into bloodshed and confusion; upwards of 100 myriads are calculated to have perished in these dreadful conflicts of emancipation. The servile war in Italy was nearly equally destructive.

At one time 120,000 slaves were marching upon Rome, who were headed and directed by one Spartacus a Thracian slave, who avenged the injured rights of nature upon his enslavers, and made the supremacy of Rome herself to totter under the force of his infuriated attacks. At the close of the servile war, no less than 6000 slaves were hanged up all the way from Rome to Capua. In Attica, the slaves wrought at the mines with their feet shackled. The ancient Greeks were not served in their houses by bought slaves; the youngest served the elder. The city of Ephesus was founded by 1000 slaves, who ran away from Samos. It is said

that Julius Cæsar crossed into Britain with but three slaves officiating as servants, and it is a strange coincidence that his body was carried home by three servants from the Senate house, where he was murdered. Cato was wont to ride from Rome to the country, in the most simple manner, with but one slave, sometimes no attendant at all—riding gently with his valise under him for a saddle, somewhat in the style of a modern decent Anti-burgher minister.—*Chambers' Edin. Jour.*

For the Traveller.

## EVENING MELODIES.

BY O. W. W.

No. I.

*With thee, and only thee.*

When Hope is stealing on the heart,  
And Joy upon the brow  
Of those who seek the shrine of Art,  
And offer up their vow,  
I turn with fond remembrance back  
To scenes of early glee,  
And tread again sweet Childhood's track,  
With thee, and only thee.

The bark that curved along the stream,  
The music of its oar,  
The stars that shone above us, seem  
Just as they seemed of yore;  
I wander in the places where  
My spirit loved to be,  
And breathe again the summer air,  
With thee, and only thee.

In vain the World may woo my feet  
To paths more bright and gay,  
In vain its careless voices meet  
In music o'er my way;—  
The brightest dream its hopes can give,  
Is far less dear to me,  
Than thus in memory to live,  
With thee, and only thee.

No II.

## THE STAR OF LOVE.

*"Il Brûle Pour Vous."*

That bright star which shines above  
Youth, in its first hours of glee,  
That sweet star which breathes of love,  
Lady, burns, and burns for thee!

Quench not then its heavenly flame,  
Youth's deep feeling ne'er forget,  
And its ray shall be the same,  
Till the Star of Life hath set!

**GELATINE.**—M. Gannel read a memoir on this subject. He distinguishes between *gelatine*, *gelins* and *geles*, the latter of which we may translate *jelly*. The *gelatine* is extracted from bones. *Gelins*, or solvable animal matter, is nutritious, says M. Gannel, but as soon as it is converted into *geles*, it ceases to be so. M. Gannel draws a number of conclusions from his experiments on these three kinds of nutritive substances; he considers beans, peas, and lentils as the most nutritious vegetables, and potatoes and all kind of *fecule* very slightly so. Food containing *azote* contributes, in his opinion, to develop the muscular powers much more than that in which it is wanting. The latter produces fatness, rather than strength. The French eat more of the latter kind of aliment; the English more of the former, and have, consequently, more muscular strength.—*Abstract of the Proceedings of Paris Academy of Science.*

**PERILOUS ADVENTURE.**—From Mr Hoffman's very interesting volume of "*A Winter in the West*," we extract the following passage :

"The banks of Lake Erie at Cleaveland, which are high and covered with sod on the top, are composed of clay and gravel. On the surface they appear firm, but for the distance of nearly a mile along shore they have sunk or are sinking, to the breadth of about 3000 feet, and slipped off into the lake, whose waters thus swallow building lots worth a great amount of money. The cause is believed to lie in quick sands beneath ; and it offers a singular phenomenon to stand on the shores below, and, marking the sunken platforms of earth behind, see where half an acre of clay has risen through the sandy beach in front, within inches of the surface of the water.

The treacherous attribute of the shore, suggested to my companion—who though young, has been a traveller in his day—an incident he had witnessed while journeying through some of the remote provinces of Mexico, which would make no feeble subject for the pencil of Weir or Inman. He had ridden with an English gentleman for many hours through an unsettled country, where not a drop of water was to be obtained for their horses when coming upon a clear stream, sparkling over a bed of yellow sand, their weary beasts sprang forward simultaneously to drink from the grateful current. A break in the bank caused their riders to rein up and dismount, retaining at the same time the loosened reins in their hands, while their horses stepped down to the margin of the brook. The American finding that the deceitful bottom yielded as soon as touched, jerked his terrific beast from the fatal spot, while as yet his fore feet were only immersed in the quicksand ; but the horse of the Englishman, in his eagerness to get at the water, made but one step to destruction. He sunk floundering to his shoulders before an effort could be made to rescue him ; and then, as in his struggles to extricate himself from the ingulphing pool, he heaved his broad chest high above its surface, and the sucking sands drew his quarters beneath them, the nostrils of the suffering animal dilated with the fierce death encounter, and giving that hideous cry,

"The cry of steeds that sink in agony,"

he tossed his head frantically above his greedy grave, his mane fluttered for a moment on the shallow water, and the bed of the stream closed over him for ever.

**LEARNING OF BRITISH LAWYERS.**—The Lawyers in the British Islands are styled by courtesy "learned"—and one would think with some reason, when we call to mind the immense amount and variety of information they must acquire ere they can become eminent in their arduous profession. The Statute Books extending back 800 years and from the times of the Heptarchy opinions and practices are frequently quoted. To the judges especially, this applies—hardly a day occurs in which the time-worn charters of the early kings are not brought before them ; and Baron Parke, in the judicial committee of the Privy Council, lately decided an important case from India, in which the Hindoo law was profoundly discussed on the occasion. The case was "*Sumboo Chunder Chowdree vs. Naraini Debeh*," and involved the succession to millions of property. The suit was commenced in 1788, to dispossess the defendant, who was an adopted son, from the succession to the collateral rights of his parent.

One of the native Courts at first gave a judgment against the defendant, which was afterwards revised, and the case finally brought for appeal to London. His Lordship decided that, from the answer of the pundits to whom reference had been made by the Courts in India for their opinions, an adopted son could succeed not only to his father, but also to his collateral successors—and thus settled a most important and interesting case.

**A GERMAN DINNER.**—Every thing is inveterately German. Our dinner to-day consisted of a kind of pottage, (excellent—I doubt if Esau sold his birth-right for a better,) beef-steaks, sausages, (all onions,) stewed cabbage, and fried potatoes.—Then for the second course came calves' head sliced and boiled in gruel, or something very like it, eels martyred, *a la tartare*, and an omelette *aux confitures* ; and for the third, mutton roasted to rags, a piece of beef ditto, a duck, preserved cherries, and a salad. To all this must be added the indispensable plate of sliced ham, always recommended as *bon pour la digestion*, and served as inevitably as bread. What an awful redundancy for five persons ! and yet nothing eatable but the pottage. But the people are very civil and anxious to please, a compensation for many minor privations, not to mention the refreshing equivalent of a clean table cloth and napkins, too often rarities in Italy, but here every-day luxuries. So, alas ! is tobacco indulged in (fatally for the organs of those who cannot smoke) by every member of the table d'hôte which holds its eatings in the apartments under ours. No doubt at the *Quatre Saisons*, folks are more polite, and leave such coarse pungencies to the vulgarians of the Nassau. And yet, on reflection, I doubt it ; the thing (I mean the passion for smoking) seems inherent in the breast of a true German ; all ranks appear to be equally under its influence,—the tube of amber or ebony, mounted in gold, or the common pipe of painted porcelain, makes the only difference.

**COMPARATIVE VALUE OF ANIMAL AND VEGETABLE FOOD.**—The dispute has been settled by showing that he is neither one nor other exclusively, but that his proper food is a mixture of both.—One author thinks he has discovered the proportion which, according to him, is twenty parts of the one to twelve of the other. The dispute has been settled by anatomists, showing that the teeth and the lower motions of the jaw of the human species resemble, in part, those of the herbivorous and those of the carnivorous animals ; and that his intestinal canal is in length between that of those two classes. Not a little has been likewise said on the comparative value of animal and vegetable food. It has been affirmed, that the former, being nearest in composition to our own bodies, ought to be the best adapted to us. Disputants on this matter, as well as on the former, would have saved much trouble to themselves, if they had merely stated the fact as they saw it. They would have seen that the Hindoo cannot, and does not, eat flesh, because it is to him stimulating and heating, and of stimulus and heat he gets enough from his warm sun.—They would have seen again, that the water cooling vegetables are not adapted for northern nations, because they are already lencophlegmatic, and cool enough. They would have lastly seen, that nations in the temperate zones take both in a proportion according to the climate and season of the year.—*Kilgour's Therapeutics*.

## VARIETIES.

**ANECDOTE: ON TIME.**—Two brothers, named Josiah and William, full grown boys, happened in a store one evening, where the attention of the company was somewhat attracted by a very long watch chain dangling at the forequarters of Josiah. One of the company asked, "What's the time, Josiah?" With no small ceremony, Josiah drew out his watch, and after examining it some time, referred to his brother, and said, "Brother William, is that figury nine or figury leven?" William, after a few moment's deliberation, declared it to be "figury seven." "Well, then," replied Josiah, "it lacks 'bout half an inch of eight."

**SICKNESS AND DISEASE.**—Are in weak minds the sources of melancholy; but that which is painful to the body may be profitable to the soul. Sickness, the mother of modesty, puts us in mind of our mortality, and while we drive on heedlessly in the full career of worldly pomp and jollity, kindly pulls us by the ear, and brings us to a proper sense of our duty.—*Burton.*

**DELICATE.**—In the tenth century, to eat out of the same plate, and drink out of the same cup, was considered a mark of gallantry, and the best possible understanding between a lady and gentleman.

On opening the will of a gentleman who had expended an extremely handsome fortune, amongst other articles it contained the following:—"If I had died possessed of a thousand pounds, I would have left it to my friend Mr. Thomas B.—, but as I have not, he must accept the will for the deed."

A witness, examined in an Illinois court, concerning a horse trade, was asked by the counsel for the defendant, how the plaintiff generally rode. "He generally rides a-straddle, sir." "How does he ride in company?" "If he has a good horse, he always keeps up." "How does he ride when he is alone?" "Really, sir, I cannot say; for I never was in company with him when he rode by himself." "You may stand aside, sir."

Mr. Seth T. Hard, the famous lecturer on English grammar, in explaining to his pupils how that the noun was the foundation of all other parts of speech, said it was like the bottom wheel of a factory, being that on which all other parts of speech depended, in the same manner as the upper wheels of a factory depended on the lower one. Having occasion afterwards to examine his pupils in parsing, he asked a stout lad "What is a noun?" when the other replied, with an air of confidence, "It's the bottom wheel of a factory."

**WORDS, WORDS.**—A gentleman lately speaking of a clergyman, whose discourses were by no means deficient in words—said he had frequently known him to whip one idea in a peck measure for a whole afternoon!

A simple servant boy one evening went up to the drawing room, on the bell being rung. When he returned to the kitchen he laughed immoderately. Some of the servants asking the cause of his mirth, he cried, "What do you think, there are sixteen of them, who could not snuff the candles, and were obliged to send for me to do it."

**A SIMILE.**—Like a long standing cup of tea, life grows sweeter and sweeter towards the bottom, and seems to be nothing less than the syrup of sugar at last.

**SCENE IN A SCHOOL ROOM.**—"What studies do you intend to pursue?" said an erudite pedagogue one day, as a Johnny Raw entered his school room. "Why, I shall study *read*, I 'spose, would'nt ye?" "Yes, but you will not want to read all the time; are you acquainted with figures?" "It's a pity if I aint, when I've cyphered clean through *adoption*." "Adoption! what rule is that?" said the master.—"Why, it's the double rule of two; you know that twice two is four? and according to adoption, *twice four is two*." "You may take your seat, sir," said the master. "And you may take yourn too," said the pupil, "for it's a poor rule that won't work both ways."

**ANECDOTE.**—A gentleman being about to take a ride, ordered a 'green horn' of Erin to grease the sulkey. Pat proceeded to the business with alacrity, besmearing the vehicle from 'stem to stern,' with grease. "What the deuce, Pat, have you been doing to the sulkey?" "Your honor," replied Pat, "and is it not well greased, as you have directed?"

**EITHER WAY.**—A wag one day asked his friend, "How many knaves do you suppose are in this street besides yourself?" "Besides myself!" replied the other in a heat, "do you mean to insult me?" "Well, then," said the first, "how many do you reckon, including yourself?"

**POPPING THE QUESTION.**—A young school Miss, whose teachers had taught her that two negatives were equivalent to an affirmative, on being asked by a suitor for her assent to marry him, replied, "No, No." The swain looked astonished and bewildered—she referred him to Murray, where for the first time he learned, that no, no, meant yes.

**SNUG TENEMENT.**—A man that used to get drunk, when he came home wallowed about the floor, and said he paid rent for the house, and would lie where he pleased. At last he fell into the fire, and the maid ran to her mistress and told her that she could not get him out. "Let him alone," said she, "he pays rent for the house, and he may lie where he pleases."

**POSTSCRIPT.**—It is now generally admitted that a *postscript* is the most important part of a lady's letter. A late writer says, a postscript to a letter may be compared to the iron; which attached to the end of a staff makes a *lance*, or to the word, which placed at the end of a line of poetry, makes a *rhyme*.

**BANGOR.**—A stranger in Bangor, having attempted to cross the street, and sunk to his knees in the mud, was very deeply impressed with the beauties of the place.

**BREVITY.**—Phillip of Macedon, being on the Spartan frontier, wrote to the citizens to know if he should come as a friend or an enemy. The laconic answer was *neither*.

"What a capital fellow you'd make to pick cherries!" said a wag to a man whose proboscis was shaped something like a parrot's bill. "Why so?" said the other. "Because you could hook your nose on a limb and pick with both hands!"

A young rustic, a few evenings ago, in reply to a polite invitation to attend a wedding, said with great gravity, "I should like to go if I was'n't *going* a claming!"

There are three things, said an "old bachelor," which I always admired, but which I could never understand—Painting, Music, and Woman.

trumpets and clarions, to the residence of La Palice, where before doing any thing else, the good Chevalier went to the church to thank God, and afterwards made the best of his way to the beautiful widow. If we would paint the joy, the ingenuous joy of this young lady, we must paint her beautiful eyes, and all her person. All was soul; all, even to her sighs, was joy. She ran to meet him. She forgot herself, and seemed as though she would recline on the bosom of this brave Chevalier. From this moment Cupid united their hearts with all his bands.

How shall we describe the joy which succeeded, from day to day, this first intoxication? It is better to drop the curtain for a while over the transport of the happy pair, and leave the reader to learn hereafter how prospered the loves of the Chevalier Bayard and the Fair Widow.

**THE CRAYON MISCELLANT, NO. I.**—Carey, Lea & Blanchard, and W. D. Ticknor. This volume, we are happy to observe, is the pioneer of other works by the same distinguished writer, which will appear in numbers, and contain sketches of life and scenery in this country and in Europe; together with such other themes of reality and imagination, as shall be presented to the mind of the author. *A Tour on the Prairies!*—How fertile is this subject in incidents and adventures interesting to every heart. To the young and romantic, are pictured the wild scenes—the deep excitement and the lonely places of the West—places where the beautiful form of the untamed horse, the huge figure of the buffalo, and the outline of the fleet deer are traced in the distance, as if they were formed to give life and animation to the scene. To maturer minds, the extent of this vast country, the fertility of its soil, and the anticipations of its importance, which will doubtlessly be at some future time realised, are subjects worthy of contemplation and replete with interest. Irving has made a remark which we cannot but think a true one, respecting the advantages resulting from a tour in the beautiful prairies of the West. He says: “I can conceive nothing more likely to set the youthful blood into a flow, than a wild wood life of the kind, and the range of a magnificent wilderness, abounding with game, and fruitful of adventure. We send our youth abroad to grow luxurious and effeminate in Europe; it appears to me, that a previous tour on the prairies, would be more likely to produce that manliness, simplicity, and self-dependence, most in unison with our political institutions.”

This volume is distinguished for the simplicity and naturalness of its style, and for the appropriate language in which the peculiar adventures of the excursion are narrated. There are some passages of wonderful harmony, both of thought and expression—some feelings which can only be experienced in solitude, the loneliness of the unbounded prairie. For these we must refer our readers to the interesting volume by the author of the Sketch Book, which we have now perused with the greater plea-

sure, as it treats of the places and treasures of our own country.

Mr. I., during a month, accompanied a strong party, headed by a commissioner charged with settling the condition of the Indian borders; and to prepare the reader for what is to follow, we give the opening graphic account of the “Pawnee Hunting Grounds.”—

“In the often-vaunted regions of the Far West, several hundred miles beyond the Mississippi, extends a vast tract of uninhabited country, where there is neither to be seen the log house of the white man nor the wigwam of the Indian. It consists of great grassy plains, interspersed with forests and groves, and clumps of trees, and watered by the Arkansas, the Grand Canadian, the Red River, and all their tributary streams. Over these fertile and verdant wastes still roam the elk, and buffalo, and the wild horse, in all their native freedom. These, in fact, are the hunting grounds of the various tribes of the Far West. Thither repair the Osage, the Creek, and the Delaware, and other tribes that have linked themselves with civilization, and live within the vicinity of the white settlements. Here resort also the Pawnees, the Comanches, and other fierce and as yet independent tribes, the nomades of the prairies, or the inhabitants of the skirts of the Rocky Mountains. The region I have mentioned forms a debateable ground for these warring and vindictive tribes.—None of them presume to erect a permanent habitation within its borders. Their hunters and ‘braves’ repair thither in enormous bodies during the season of game; throw up their transient encampments, formed of light bowers, branches, and skins; commit hasty slaughter among the innumerable herds that graze the prairies; and, having loaded themselves with venison and buffalo meat, retreat rapidly from the dangerous neighborhood. These expeditions partake always of a warlike character; the hunters are always armed for action, offensive and defensive, and are bound to practice incessant vigilance. Should they in their excursions meet the hunters of an adverse tribe, savage conflicts take place. Their encampments, too, are always subject to be surprised by wandering war parties, and their hunters, when scattered in pursuit of game, to be captured or massacred by lurking foes. Mouldering skulls and skeletons, bleaching in some dark ravine, mark the scene of a foregone act of blood, and let the wanderer know the dangerous nature of the region he is traversing.”

The attendant of the particular set with whom our author messed is an amusingly sketched character, and we copy him out:—

“Having made this mention of my comrades, I must not pass over, unnoticed, a personage of inferior rank, but of all-pervading and all-prevalent importance; the squire, the groom, the cook, the tent-man; in a word, the factotum, and, I may add, the universal meddler and marplot, of our party. This was a little, swarthy, meagre, wiry, French creole, named Antoine, but familiarly dubbed Tonish; a kind of Gil Blas of the frontier, who had passed a scrambling life, sometimes among white men, sometimes among Indians; sometimes in the employ of traders, missionaries, and Indian agents; sometimes mingling with the Osage hunters. We picked him up at St. Louis, near which he has a small farm, an Indian wife, and a brood of half-blood children.

According to his own account, however, he had a wife in every tribe : in fact, if all that this little vagabond said of himself were to be believed, he was without morals, without caste, without creed, without country, and even without language, for he spoke a Babylonish jargon of mingled French, English, and Osage. He was, withal, a notorious braggart, and a liar of the first water. It was amusing to hear him vapour and gasconade about his terrible exploits and hair-breadth escapes in war and hunting. In the midst of his volubility, he was prone to be seized by a spasmodic gasping, as if the springs of his jaws were suddenly unhinged ; but I am apt to think it was some falsehood that stuck in his throat, for I generally remarked that, immediately afterwards, there bolted forth a lie of the first magnitude."

Groups are touched off with equal fidelity and spirit : *ex. gr.*

"The little hamlet of the agency was in a complete state of bustle ; the blacksmith's shed, in particular, was a scene of preparation. A strapping negro was shoeing a horse ; two half-breeds were fabricating iron spoons in which to melt lead for bullets. An old trapper, in leathern hunting frock and moccasins, had placed his rifle against a work bench, while he superintended the operation, and gossiped about his hunting exploits ; several large dogs were lounging in and out of the shop, or sleeping in the sunshine, while a little cur, with a head cocked on one side, and one ear erect, was watching, with that curiosity common to little dogs, the process of shoeing the horse, as if studying the art, or waiting for his turn to be shod."

**THE YEMASSEE**—By the author of *Guy Rivers*, 2 vols.—While perusing the earlier works of this American writer, a name which he has fully merited by the selection of subjects peculiarly interesting, from the fact that the scenes are laid in this country,—we could not but perceive the evidence of talent which required experience only to become admired and appreciated. The *Yemassee*, in conception, in execution and in character, is decidedly the most interesting production of Mr Simms ; and several imperfections which we noted in *Guy Rivers*, are avoided in this romance. The scenes most particularly described in these volumes are those in which the once celebrated tribe of Indians called the *Yemassee*s, bear a conspicuous character. There is a small section of country now comprised within the limits of Beaufort District, in the state of South Carolina, which to this day, goes by the name of Indian Land. Here, in 1715, the *Yemassee*s were in all their glory. They had been the friend of the white man, and in his days of weakness had supported and encouraged him ; but, at length, his increasing power and the steady progress which he made towards the wild forests of the red man, produced a jealousy and hatred, resulting in the general union of the tribes against the English colonies, and in the warlike ceremonies and efforts, which are so vividly described in these volumes.

There is sufficient variety of character in the

different individuals with whom we meet, to show that Mr. Simms is by no means deficient in that knowledge of human nature which is one of the most necessary qualities of a popular writer. In order to interest and touch the heart, one must be acquainted with its feelings and its passions ;—in order to give a freshness and variety to the development of character, one must have studied and examined characters as they are. We can at present only remark that such works as give us a true idea of our own country and of our own people in early times—such as show the dangers and trials which were encountered and overcome, are the most pleasing and the most useful which can engage the attention of our own writers. These volumes are handsomely published by Harper and Brothers, and for sale by Russell, Odiorne & Co.

For the Traveller.

### WE WILL NOT PART.

BY O. W. W.

We will not part—Time never flies  
Upon a wing so light,  
As when the smile of brilliant eyes  
Is beaming on the night.  
Then go not yet,  
The stars are met,  
And o'er our path are smiling,  
While every heart  
Seems loth to part  
From pleasures so beguiling.

We may not part—our lips again  
Shall breathe their songs once more,  
And music wake, with heavenly strain,  
The tones we loved of yore—  
The stars of night  
Are shining bright,  
To every heart appealing,  
While, like a spell,  
The vesper bell  
Upon the air is stealing.

We must not part—such dreams appear  
Too exquisitely gay,  
For us to check their brief career,  
Or coldly turn away.  
Then, ere we part,  
Each youthful heart;  
Once more shall thrill with feeling,  
And glow with light;  
Ere its Good Night  
From every lip is stealing.

### ORYNTHIA AND RINALDO: OR, THE PILGRIM OF LOVE.

"A hermit who dwelt in the solitude passed me,  
As way-worn and faint up the mountain I prest,  
The aged man paused on his staff to accost me,  
And proffer'd his cell for a mansion of rest ;  
Ah, nay, courteous father, right onward I rove,  
No rest but the grave for the pilgrim of love !"  
MODERN BALLAD.

'Beloved Orynthia !' exclaimed the gallant Rinaldo, as he pressed the trembling girl to his bosom, 'though far away from thee, thy image will remain upon my heart ; and never for a moment shall I cease to think of her, without whom life would be a burthen and a blank. We shall meet again, dearest, and hours of bliss will reward us for the darkness and trouble of this.' The maiden replied not, but she looked up into the face of her

Next morning a loud knock announced a visiter. The cameriera came running up to tell her mistress as well as she could for laughing, that the Turk was come.

"*Seccatura !*" said the Signora.

"With a whole levy of Turks at his heels."

"*Male ?*" answered the lady.

"And without a hair on his chin."

"*Peggio !*" cried her mistress ; "what shall we do now ?"

Our Turk, already, as he conceived, the husband of the lady, in force of the stipulation between them, was come with a dozen stout Turks of his crew, each bearing a nuptial present for the bride, in order to take possession of the lady and her residence, in which he proposed fixing his quarters during his stay in Leghorn. These affairs, by the way, are managed much more simply, and with less ado, in Constantinople than with us. Having directed his attendants to remain without in the anteroom until summoned to attend, he hurried in on the wings of love to salute his fair bride. His twelve followers, with all the gravity of Turks, squatted themselves down in the middle of the room, and making themselves quite at home, produced their pipes, and began composedly to send up their odoriferous fumes in volumes to the ceiling. In the mean time the fair Livornese within was sadly embarrassed. In vain she prayed, expostulated, remonstrated, explained. The enraptured Turk would listen neither to excuse or entreaty. Had he not sacrificed his beard ? Was not his chin as smooth as her own ? Was ever woman more fairly or dearly won ? How the scene would have ended we cannot pretend to determine, had it not happened that just at this very critical moment Signor G—— himself walked in. When he entered the anteroom, and beheld twelve Turks smoking in a circle, like the signs of the zodiac in the days of Phœton, he almost began to think he had mistaken the house. Upon inquiry what all this meant, one of the grave dozen laconically gave him to understand that the residence now belonged to his master.

"Indeed !" said Signor G——, much edified by the intelligence. "How has that happened ?"

"He has married the lady this morning," puffed out the Mussulman.

"The d——l he has !" roared Signor G——.

"What, a new husband ! and a Turk to boot, after six weeks absence ?" And he rushed into the inner apartment. There he found his lady resisting, as we have described, the overtures of the smooth-chinned Turk. "My husband !" cried the lady. "My wife !" cried the gentleman. The disappointed Mussulman stood aghast as he heard ; whilst the Signora began explaining to Signor G—— the meaning of the strange scene as well as she could, whether entirely to her husband's satisfaction is uncertain. Be that as it may, he very politely assured his intended successor, that, according to the law of the country, wives being only allotted one husband at a time in Italy, and his claim being the prior one, he trusted the other would at least have the goodness to wait for his demise : but this was what the Turk, who had parted with his beloved beard to obtain the lady, was by no means inclined to consent to. Words ensued, and words were on the point of being followed by blows, in which, as there was only one Christian against a round dozen of Turks, the former, though the first husband, would probably have come off second best, had not his servants, seeing how mat-

ters went, called, in the police, whose presence put an end to the fracas.

Infuriated at the double loss of his beard and bride, the Turk continued to threaten vengeance for having thus been victimized, until the police, apprehensive of the consequences, put him by force on board his own vessel, and sent him beardless and wifeless back to Constantinople.

For the Traveller.

### THE BIRD OF SPRING.

BY O. W. W.

Beautiful Bird, whence comest thou !

From a sunnier clime than this,

Hast thou wandered away to the old green bough,

The scene of thine earlier bliss ?

O fickle Bird ! when the chill wind breathed,

We heard not thy playful strain,

But now, when the Earth is in beauty wreathed,

Thou seekest thy home again.

'Tis thus with the spirit—too oft it seeks

For a sunnier smile away,

And turns from the shade of familiar cheeks,

When Sorrow hath dimmed their ray !

But when the clouds which those young smiles wore,

From the lips we have loved are fled,

We breathe a song like that song of yore,

In the places we used to tread.

"I GUESS NOT MUCH."—Most every body knows Uncle Zeek, who, some twenty-years ago, used to keep a tavern on the Whitehall turnpike. Uncle Zeek kept good cider, and was fond of a good joke ; and these two qualities, so essential in the character of a publican, induced many a Green Mountain boy to add ten miles to the end of a day's journey, that he might pass a cheerful evening at Uncle Zeek's hospitable fireside. It was a cold winter's night, when some ten or a dozen of these wondering sons of the mountain state found themselves seated before Uncle Zeek's bar-room fire, enjoying their favorite beverage, and telling marvellous tales, when the conversation turned upon domestic concerns—great crops, fine horses, fat oxen, &c. It seems that each endeavored to outstrip his companion in relating the particulars of some prodigy in nature that had existed under his own observation. Their farms, located among the snow-clad mountains, were represented as little paradises on earth ; their sheep were magnified to camels, with wool softer than the down upon a pigeon's wing ; their cattle could have descended only from the prodigious mammoth that passed the dark rolling Wabash at a single bound ; and their horses were fleetest and more beautiful than the wild coursers of Arabia. Uncle Zeek listened to these *egregious facts*, until credulity was exhausted and silence no longer endurable. Clearing up his wrinkled visage, he assumed an air of sincerity, and expressed his wish to state a *single fact*. Instantly all was attention—every ear was opened, every mouth was gaping wide, to catch and swallow Uncle Zeek's fact. He began by stating that one of his neighbors, the September previous, had an old sheep which contracted a bad distemper, and supposing her incurable, he turned her into a barren lot to die, that the remainder of the flock might not become infected. Some time in October he chanced to be crossing the same lot, when, to his utter astonishment, he found the old sheep not only alive and well, but vastly improved in appearance. He immediately took her home and killed her : and

now, says Uncle Zeek, how much tallow do you think he took from her? One guessed fifteen, another twenty—one twenty-five, and another forty—and one, not to be a great ways behind the *real* amount, "*reckoned* he might have taken *nigh upon one hundred weight*." After each had guessed, and set down the amount of his guess, that there should be no mistake, they called upon Uncle Zeek to say how much he did take. "Well, I don't know," says Uncle Zeek, "*but I guess not much!*" It is needless to say that our travellers felt the rebuke: they felt it keenly, and for the remainder of the evening were sowed up dumb, nor did they ever again favor Uncle Zeek with their patronage. Ever since that time, when a person tells an incredible long yarn, and concludes by asking us to acknowledge the truth of all he has said, though courtesy may dictate our answer, yet, in our heart, with Uncle Zeek, we say, "I guess not much."—*N. R. Times.*

**ELEGANT EXTRACT.**—The following extract is taken from an address lately delivered by the Rev. Dr. Wayland, President of Brown University. It is written in a masterly style, and furnishes a subject for solemn reflection:—

"The examples of goodness have made bad men ashamed of vice, thoughtless men admirers of virtue, without either rendering the one truly penitent, or the other actively virtuous. If however, its partial influences (the influences of the gospel by the reformation) have been thus salutary, what may not be hoped, when the whole moral nature of man shall have been subjected to its authority? The sun has indeed risen and the mountain tops are already basking in its beams, but although the plains are illuminated by reflected light, yet the cold dews of evening still rest heavily upon them, while the shades and darkness still hover over the valleys beneath. But how glorious will all this seem, when green valley, and silver rivulet, and glassy lake and wavy plain, and pine clad mountain, are reflecting back the quickening effulgence of unclouded noon.

But, that unclouded noon has not yet arrived. God grant it may speedily come. Whether it shall come now, prophetic vision has not yet foretold. The results of improved civilization, in consequence of the diffusion of knowledge, the unlimited freedom of the press, and the rapid accumulation of capital, have given an energy to human passion, and have taught such skill in devising modes by which it may be gratified, that the impulsive powers of man have speedily acquired an energy before unprecedented. That they are already sufficient to balance the existing forces of moral restraint, seems, from many indications, far from improbable. The proof of this is seen in that feverish restlessness, that growing disregard for law, that universal disrespect for authority, that eagerness for war, and the desire for revolution, which are so characteristic of the present time.

It has been truly remarked, that for the last ten years, a single official note, from any public functionary, could have set Europe in a blaze. War is now a game which even wise kings can with the greatest difficulty prevent their subjects from playing at. And if kings refrain from fighting with each other, it is very doubtful whether their subjects can be kept from fighting among themselves. The people are every where very much bent upon taking the social fabric to pieces; every individual being well satisfied that he could quite easily

construct a better. The whole history of our globe seems not yet to have convinced men, that it has always been found very difficult to improve an edifice, by levelling it with the dust, when you are obliged to re-construct it out of the very same materials.

But societies can never remain for a long time stationary. If the expulsive violence of human passion overthrow the buttresses which bind together the social edifice, the whole fabric will collapse with an overwhelming crash. The natural ferocity of the human heart stimulated and directed by an intelligence to which it never before attained, and whetted to anguish by the splendors of helpless opulence every where within its physical power; science and arts are furnishing means of destruction before unknown, and capable of gratifying to the full, the widest love of slaughter; the press raining down in every land one horrible tempest of firebrands, arrows and death, will combine to form a scene of triumphant havoc, such as the pen of the historian hath never yet described, nor uninspired imagination ever yet conceived.—Thus, civilization will be swept a second time from the earth, not as before, by hordes of barbarians of the north, but by a sanguinary herd of her own degenerate children. Nor is this idea at all chimerical. Within the memory of many of you, this drama has been enacted in the most civilized and polished nation of Europe. France was deluged in blood, her treasures wasted, and the continent from Moscow to the Mediterranean was whitened with the bones of Frenchmen, before the turbulence of passion, once ascendant, was brought within the limit of the moral power which existed to restrain it."

**GROWING WISER AND BETTER.**—The man of industry and enterprise feels that a day of idleness is a day lost. He regards it as a calamity; and should it frequently come upon him, he would believe his ruin inevitable. If he is the proprietor of a large establishment, of which the continued operation is expensive, and the continued income satisfactorily profitable, he would view a cessation of business in its various departments with anxiety and alarm. To prevent such an occurrence he would watch and labor, to the exhaustion, if need be, of both his bodily and mental powers.

Every individual is the proprietor of an establishment more valuable than the most extensive Cotton Factory, or than all the merchandize afloat on the ocean. He is the proprietor of himself, the responsible owner of an intellectual and moral being; a capital stock which he has opportunities to invest in the most advantageous manner. If by good investment he is not increasing this stock, not only quarterly, but daily, he shows himself unacquainted with business, or else reckless of the most important of trusts.

It is the way of worldly men, that they are satisfied with the successful management of their pecuniary matters: while their minds and hearts are either stationary or deteriorating. At the end of the year they are in no respects wiser or better, though they may be richer. This result is so common, that we hardly expect a man's mental and religious character to be improved as he advances along the course of life; yet we do expect his property to increase as we see him attentive to his business from month to month.

All such expectation arises from an entire forgetfulness or overlooking of the great object of living.



Improvements of all kinds can and should go on harmoniously together. The man of experience and successful business, should grow wiser and better, as well as more wealthy, every day of his life. Indeed, if he would avail himself of all the advantages within his reach he would find it easier to make acquisitions of wisdom and goodness than of money, as there are not such uncertainties connected with the former as with the latter.

There is no man who cannot find one, two, or three hours, in every twenty-four, which he can most successfully devote to substantial and profitable reading. Let this become a portion of his business; let him be interested in it, as he is in his farm, or shop or store, and he will see his mind improving as well as his other possessions. Nor is there a man who cannot and should not devote some portion of every day to an investigation of his character, his disposition, his motives, his actions, in relation to his fellow men and to his Maker, in order to know what of himself he need amend, change, or cultivate. Let him make such investigation a part of his daily pursuit, and let him become as interested in it, as in any other part, and he will be continually growing better both in the sight of God and man.—*Salem Landmark.*

#### THE LOST ONE.

A 'Live-oaker' employed on the St. John's River, in East Florida, left his cabin, situated on the banks of that stream, and, with his axe on his shoulder, proceeded towards the swamp in which he had several times before plied his trade of felling and squaring the giant trees that afforded the most valuable timber for naval architecture and other purposes.

At the season which is the best for this kind of labor, heavy fogs not unfrequently cover the country, so as to render it difficult for one to see farther than thirty or forty yards in any direction.—The woods, too, present so little variety, that every tree seems the mere counterpart of each other; and the grass, when it has not been burnt, is so tall that a man of ordinary stature cannot see over it, whence it is necessary for him to proceed with great caution, lest he should unwillingly deviate from the ill-defined trail which he follows. To increase the difficulties, several trails often meet, in which case, unless the explorer be perfectly acquainted with the neighborhood, it would be well for him to lie down, and wait until the fog should disperse. Under such circumstances, the best woodmen are not unfrequently bewildered for a while; and I well remember that such an occurrence happened to myself, at a time when I had imprudently ventured to pursue a wounded quadruped, which led me some distance from the track.

The Live-oaker had been jogging onwards for several hours, and became aware that he must have travelled considerably more than the distance between his cabin and the 'hammock' which he desired to reach. To his alarm, at the moment when the fog dispersed, he saw the sun at its meridian height, and could not recognise a single object around him.

Young, healthy, and active, he imagined that he had walked with more than usual speed, and had passed the place to which he was bound. He accordingly turned his back upon the sun, and pursued a different route, guided by a small trail.—Time passed, and the sun headed his course; he saw it gradually descend in the west; but all around him continued as if enveloped with myste-

ry. The huge grey trees spread their giant boughs over him, the rank grass extended on all sides, not a living being crossed his path, all was silent and still, and the scene was like a dull and dreary dream of the land of oblivion. He wandered like a forgotten ghost that had passed into the land of spirits, without yet meeting one of his kind with whom to hold converse.

The condition of a man lost in the woods is one of the most perplexing that could be imagined by a person who has not himself been in a like predicament. Every object he sees, he at first thinks he recognises, and while his whole mind is bent on searching for more that may gradually lead to his extrication, he goes on committing greater errors the farther he proceeds. This was the case with the Live-oaker. The sun was now sitting with a fiery aspect, and by degrees it sunk in its full circular form, as if giving warning of a sultry morrow. Myriads of insects, delighted at its departure, now filled the air on buzzing wings.—Each piping frog arose from the muddy pool in which it had concealed itself; the squirrel retired to its hole, the crow to its roost, and, far above, the harsh croaking voice of the heron announced that, full of anxiety, it was wending its way to the miry interior of some distant swamp. Now the woods began to resound to the shrill cries of the owl; and the breeze, as it swept among the columnar steps of the forest-trees, came laden with heavy and chilling dews. Alas! no moon with her silvery light, shone on the dreary scene, and the Lost One, wearied and vexed, laid himself down on the damp ground. Prayer is always consolatory to man in every difficulty or danger, and the woodsman fervently prayed to his Maker, wished his family a happier night than it was his lot to experience, and with a feverish anxiety waited the return of day.

You may imagine the length of that cold, dull, moonless night. The poor man started on his feet, and with a sorrowful heart, pursued a course which he thought might lead him to some familiar object, although, indeed, he scarcely knew what he was doing. No longer had he the trace of a track to guide him, and, yet, as the sun rose, he calculated the many hours of daylight he had before him, and the farther he went continued to walk the faster. But in vain were all his hopes: that day was spent in fruitless endeavors to regain the path that led to his house; and when night again approached, the terror that had been gradually spreading over his mind, together with the nervous debility induced by fatigue, anxiety, and hunger, rendered him almost frantic. He told me, that at this moment he beat his breast, tore his hair, and, had it not been for the piety with which his parents had in early life imbued his mind, and which had become habitual, would have cursed his existence. Famished as he now was, he laid himself on the ground, and fed on the weeds and grass that grew around him. That night was spent in the greatest agony and terror. 'I knew my situation,' he said to me. 'I was fully aware that unless Almighty God came to my assistance, I must perish in these uninhabited woods. I knew that I walked more than fifty miles, although I had not met with a brook, from which I could quench my thirst, or even allay the burning heat of my parched lips and blood-shot eyes. I knew that if I should not meet with some stream I must die, for my axe was my only weapon, and although deer and bears now and then started up within a few yards, and even feet of me, not one of them could I kill; and although I was in the midst of abundance, not a

mouthful did I expect to procure, to satisfy the cravings of my empty stomach. Sir, may God preserve you from ever feeling as I did the whole of that day!

For several days after, no one can imagine the condition in which he was, for when he related to me this painful adventure, he assured me that he had lost all recollection of what had happened.—‘God,’ he continued, ‘must have taken pity on me one day, for, as I ran wildly through those dreadful pine barrens, I met with a tortoise. I gazed upon it with amazement and delight, and, altho’ I knew that were I to follow it undisturbed, it would lead me to some water, my hunger and thirst would not allow me to refrain from satisfying both, by eating its flesh and drinking its blood. With one stroke of my axe the beast was cut in two, and in a few moments I despatched all but the shell. Oh, sir, how much I thanked God, whose kindness had put the tortoise in my way! I felt greatly renewed. I eat down at the foot of a pine, gazed on the heavens, thought of my poor wife and children, and, again and again, thanked God for my life, for now I felt less distracted in mind, and more assured that before long I must recover my way, and get back to my home.’

The Lost One remained and passed the night at the foot of the same tree under which his repast had been made. Refreshed by a sound sleep, he started at dawn to resume his weary march. The sun rose bright, and he followed the direction of the shadows. Still the dreariness of the woods was the same, and he was on the point of giving up in despair, when he observed a raccoon lying squatted in the grass. Raising his axe, he drove it with such violence through the helpless animal, that it expired without a struggle. What he had done with the tortoise, he now did with the raccoon, the greater part of which he actually devoured at one meal. With more comfortable feelings, he then resumed his wanderings—his journey I cannot say,—for although in the possession of his faculties, and in broad daylight, he was worse off than a lame man grouping his way in the dark out of a dungeon, of which he knew not where the door stood.

Days, one after another, passed—nay, weeks in succession. He fed now on cabbage-trees, then on frogs and snakes. All that fell in his way was welcome and savory. Yet he became daily more emaciated, until at length he could scarcely crawl. Forty days had elapsed, by his own reckoning, when he at last reached the banks of the river.—His clothes in tatters, his once bright axe dimmed with rust, his face begrimed with beard, his hair matted, and his feeble frame little better than a skeleton covered with parchment, there he laid himself down to die. Amid the perturbed dreams of his fevered fancy, he thought he heard the noise of oars far away on the silent water. He listened, but the sounds died away on his ear. It was indeed a dream, the last glimmer of expiring hope, the sound of oars awoke him from his lethargy.—He listened so eagerly that the hum of a fly could not have escaped his ear. They were indeed the measured beats of oars, and now, joy to the forlorn soul! The sound of human voices thrilled to his heart, and awoke the tumultuous pulses of returning hope. On his knees did the eye of God see that poor man by the broad still stream that glittered in the sunbeams, and human eyes soon saw him too, for round that headland covered with tangled brushwood boldly advances the little boat, propelled by its lusty rowers. The Lost One

raises his feeble voice on high;—it was a loud shrill scream of joy and fear. The rowers pause, and look around. Another, but feebler scream, and they observe him. It comes,—his heart flutters, his sight is dimmed; his brain reels, he gasps for breath. It comes,—it has run upon the beach, and the Lost One is found.

This is no tale of fiction, but the relation of an actual occurrence, which might be embellished, no doubt, but which is better in the plain garb of truth. The notes by which I recorded it were written in the cabin of the once lost Live-oak, about four years after the painful incident occurred. His amiable wife and loving children were present on the recital, and never shall I forget the tears that flowed from their eyes as they listened to it: albeit, it had long been more familiar to them than a tale thrice told. Sincerely do I wish, good reader, that neither you nor I may ever elicit such sufferings, altho’, no doubt, such sympathy would be a rich recompense for them.

It only remains for me to say, that the distance between the cabin and the live-oak hammock, to which the woodsman was bound, scarcely exceeded eight miles, while the part of the river at which he was found was thirty-eight miles from his home. Calculating his daily wanderings at ten miles, we may believe that they amounted in all, to four hundred. He must therefore have rambled in a circuitous direction, which people generally do in such circumstances. Nothing but the great strength of his constitution, and the merciful aid of his Maker, could have supported him for so long a time.

CONFESSIONS OF A POET.—2 vols: Carey, Lea & Blanchard, and W. D. Ticknor. The fascinating title of these volumes induced us to commence the perusal of them; and we proceeded, with the faint hope of meeting some redeeming qualities, some better portions, which might give us a less unfavorable impression of the author. The Confessions of a Poet! We fancied that the veil was here to be withdrawn—that here we were to gain access to the most secret and the deepest thoughts of the Poet’s heart; and become intimate with those pure conceptions, which in doubt and in sorrow, throw their beauty around his path. We fancied it might be a tale of wild hope and sad disappointment—of a love, which, though not requited, could not be wholly unprised; and, with such ideas, we were about to sympathise with each expression of the Poet’s feelings, and pursue with him the strange path of his existence. Any one who will, for a moment, cast his eye over the pages of these pseudo-metaphysical volumes, will readily comprehend the change which resulted from our inspection of them. We venture to say that the writer, whoever he may be, and it is said he is the author of “Jeremy Levis,” never felt the true feelings of a poet, and has not the slightest claim to such a distinction. Does he believe that unreasonable sentiments, such perversion of moral principle, and such insane bursts of passion, are evidences of a fine imagination and of a poetic mind? Why, “Miserrimus” is nothing to him—he is a

gentle and interesting and probable character, compared with this would-be poet. Few persons comprehend the species of writing which, having become popular in Germany, is limited in all its most reprehensible features by some authors, who are, at the same time, incapable of feeling and producing the beauties that distinguish those whom they are desirous of resembling.

But overlooking all the imperfections—passing over without criticism the too evident struggles of the writer after effect—pardon the many dashes and stars and extravagances of language which are met on every page—we consider this work as having no pretension, either in style, in sentiment or in beauty, to the merit of a literary production; and view it as the effort of one who has not even the too common art of rendering vice interesting.

**RUBENS AND THE SPANISH MONK.**—One day, during his residence in Spain, Rubens made an excursion in the environs of Madrid, accompanied by several of his pupils. He entered a convent, where he observed with no small degree of surprise, in the choir of the chapel, a picture, which bore evidence of having been executed by an artist of sublime genius. The picture represented the death of a monk. Rubens called his pupils, showed them the picture, and they all shared the admiration which the *chef d'œuvre* elicited from their master. 'Who painted this picture?' inquired Van Dyck, the favorite pupil of Rubens.

'The name of the artist has been inscribed at the bottom of the picture,' observed Van Tulden, but it has been carefully effaced.

Rubens sent for the old prior of the convent, and requested that he would tell him the name of the artist.

'The painter is no longer of this world,' answered the monk.

'What,' exclaimed Rubens, 'dead! and unknown! His name deserves to be immortal. It would have obliterated the remembrance of mine. And yet,' he added, with pardonable vanity, 'I am Peter Paul Rubens.'

At these words the pale countenance of the prior became flushed and animated. His eyes sparkled, and he fixed on Rubens a look which betrayed a stronger feeling than curiosity. But this excitement was only momentary. The monk cast down his eyes, crossed on his bosom the arms which he had raised to heaven, by an impulse of enthusiasm, and repeated, 'The artist is no longer of this world.'

'Tell me his name, father,' exclaimed Rubens, 'tell me his name, I conjure you, that I may repeat it throughout the world, and give to him the glory which is due.' And Rubens, Van Dyck, Jordaens, Van Nuel, and Van Tulden, surrounded the prior, and earnestly entreated that he would tell them the name of the painter. The monk trembled, and his lips convulsively quivered, as if ready to reveal the secret. Then, making a solemn motion with his hand, he said—'Hear me. You misunderstand what I said. I told you that the painter of that picture was no longer of this world; but I did not mean that he was dead.'

'Does he then live! Oh, tell us where we may find him.'

'He has renounced the world, and retired to a cloister. He is a monk.'

'A monk, father—a monk! Oh tell me then in what convent he is, for he must quit it. When heaven marks a man with the stamp of genius, that man should not bury himself in solitude. God has given him a sublime mission, and he must fulfil it. Tell me the cloister in which he is hidden. I will draw him from his retirement and show him the glory that awaits him. Should he refuse, I will procure an order from our holy father the Pope to make him return to the world and exercise his talent. The Pope, father, is a kind friend to me, and he will listen to me.'

'I will neither tell you his name, nor that of the convent to which he has retired,' replied the monk in a resolute tone.

'But the Pope will compel you to do so,' exclaimed Rubens, impatiently.

'Hear me,' said the monk; 'hear me, in the name of heaven. Can you imagine that this man, before he quitted the world—before he renounced fortune and fame—did not struggle painfully against that resolution? Can you believe that nothing short of the most cruel deception and bitter sorrow could have brought him to the conviction that all here below is mere vanity? Leave him then to die in the asylum to which he has fled from the world and despair. Besides, all your efforts would be fruitless. He would triumphantly resist every temptation. (Here he made the sign of the cross.) God would not refuse him his aid: God, who in his mercy has called him to himself, will not dismiss him from his presence.'

'But, father, he has renounced immortality!'

'Immortality is nothing in comparison with eternity.'

The monk drew his cowl over his forehead and changed the conversation, so as to prevent Rubens from further urging his plea. The celebrated Flemish artist left the convent, accompanied by his brilliant train of pupils, and they all returned to Madrid, lost in conjectures respecting the painter whose name had been so obstinately withheld from them.

The prior returned to his lonely cell, knelt down on the straw mat which served as his bed, and offered up a fervent prayer to heaven. He then collected together his pencils, his colors, and a small easel, and threw them into a river which flowed beneath the window of his cell. He gazed some moments in profound melancholy on the stream, which soon drifted these objects from his sight. When they had disappeared, he once more knelt down to pray on his straw mat, and before his wooden crucifix.

**A BEE HUNT.**—The beautiful forest in which we were encamped abounded in bee trees; that is to say, trees in the decayed trunks of which wild bees had established their hives. It is surprising in what countless swarms the bees have overspread the far west, within but a moderate number of years. The Indians consider them the harbinger of the white man, as the buffalo is of the red man; and say that in proportion as the bee advances, the Indian and buffalo retire. We are always accustomed to associate the hum of the bee hive with the farm house and flower garden, and to consider those industrious little animals as connected with the busy haunts of man, and I am told that the wild bee is seldom to be met with at any great distance from the frontier. They have been the heralds of civilization, steadfastly preceding it as it advanced from the Atlantic borders, and some ancient settlers of the west pretend to give the very

year when the honey bee crossed the Mississippi. The Indians with surprise found the mouldering trees of their forests suddenly teeming with ambrosial sweets, and nothing, I am told, can exceed the greedy relish with which they banquet for the first time upon this unbought luxury of the wilderness.

At present the honey bee swarms in myriads, in the noble groves and forests that skirt and intersect the prairies, and extend along the alluvial bottoms of the rivers. It seems to me as if these beautiful regions answer literally to the description of the land of promise, "a land flowing with milk and honey;" for the rich pasturage of the prairies is calculated to sustain herds of cattle as countless as the sands upon the seashore, while the flowers with which they are enamelled, render them a very paradise for the nectar-seeking bee.

We had not long been in the camp when a party set out in quest of a bee tree; and, being curious to witness the sport, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany them. The party was headed by a veteran bee hunter, a tall, lank fellow in homespun garb that hung loosely about his limbs, and a straw hat shaped not unlike a bee hive; a comrade, equally uncouth in garb, and without a hat, straddled along at his heels, with a long rifle on his shoulder. To these succeeded a half dozen others, some with axes and some with rifles, for no one stirs far from his camp without fire arms, so as to be ready either for wild deer or wild Indian.

After proceeding some distance we came to an open glade on the skirts of the forest. Here our leader halted, and then advanced quietly to a low bush, on the top of which I perceived a piece of honey comb. This I found was the bait or lure for the wild bees. Several were humming about it, and diving into its cells. When they had laden themselves with honey they would rise into the air, and dart off in a straight line, almost with the velocity of a bullet. The hunters watched attentively the course which they took, and then set off in the same direction, stumbling along over twisted roots and fallen trees, with their eyes turned up to the sky. In this way they traced the honey laden bees to their hive, in the hollow trunk of a blasted oak, where, after buzzing about for a moment, they entered a hole about sixty feet from the ground.

Two of the bee hunters now plied their axes vigorously at the foot of the tree to level it with the ground. The mere spectators and amateurs, in the meantime, drew off to a cautious distance, to be out of the way of the falling of the tree and the vengeance of its inmates. The jarring blows of the axe seemed to have no effect in alarming or disturbing this most industrious community. They continued to ply at their usual occupations, some arriving full freighted into port, others sallying forth on new expeditions, like so many merchantmen in a money making metropolis, little suspicious of impending bankruptcy and downfall.—Even a loud crack which announced the disruption of the trunk, failed to divert their attention from the intense pursuit of gain; at length down came the tree with a tremendous crash, bursting open from end to end, and displaying all the hoarded treasures of the commonwealth.

One of the hunters immediately ran up with a whip of lighted hay as a defence against the bees. The latter, however, made no attack and sought no revenge; they seemed stupified by the catastrophe and unsuspicious of its cause, and remained crawling and buzzing about the ruins without offering us any molestation. Every one of the party

now fell to, with spoon and hunting-knife, to scoop out the flakes of honey-comb with which the hollow trunk was stored. Some of them were of old date and a deep brown color; others were beautifully white, and the honey in their cells was almost limpid. Such of the combs as were entire were placed in camp-kettles to be conveyed to the encampment; those which had been shivered in the fall were devoured upon the spot. Every stark bee-hunter was to be seen with a rich morsel in his hand dripping about his fingers, and disappearing as rapidly as a cream tart before the holiday appetite of a school-boy.

Nor was it the bee-hunters that profited by the downfall of this industrious community, as if the bees would carry through the similitude of their habits with those of laborious and gainful man, I beheld numbers from rival hives, arriving on the eager wing, to enrich themselves with the ruins of their neighbors. These busied themselves as eagerly and cheerfully as so many wreckers on an Indianman that has been driven on shore; plunging into the cells of the broken honey-combs, banqueting greedily on the spoil, and then winging their way full-freighted to their homes. As to the poor proprietors of the ruin, they seemed to have no heart to do any thing, not even to taste the nectar that flowed around them; but crawled backward and forward, in vacant desolation, as I have seen a poor fellow with his hands in his breeches pockets, whistling vacantly and despondingly about the ruins of his house that had been burnt.

It is difficult to describe the bewilderment and confusion of the bees of the bankrupt hive who had been absent at the time of the catastrophe, and who arrived from time to time, with full cargoes from abroad. At first they wheeled about in the air, in the place where the fallen tree had once reared its head, astonished to find it all a vacuum. At length, as if comprehending their disaster, they settled down in clusters on a dry branch of a neighboring tree, from whence they seemed to contemplate the prostrate ruin, and to buzz forth doleful lamentations over the downfall of their republic. It was a scene on which the "melancholy Jaques" might have moralized by the hour.

We now abandoned the place, leaving much honey in the hollow of the tree. "It will all be cleared off by vermin," said one of the rangers.—"What vermin?" asked I. "Oh bears, and skunks, and raccoons, and possums. The bear is the knowingest vermin for finding out a bee-tree in the world. They'll gnaw for days together at the trunk till they make a hole big enough to get in their paws, and then they'll haul out honey, bees and all."—*Washington Irving.*

**DUELLO BY THE BAG.**—Two gentlemen, one a Spaniard and the other a German, who were recommended by their birth and services to the Emperor Maximilian II., both courted his daughter, the fair Helene Scharfequin, in marriage. This Prince, after a long delay, one day informed them, that esteeming them equally, and not being able to bestow a preference, he should leave it to the force and addresses of the claimants to decide the question. He did not mean, however, to risk the loss of one or the other, or perhaps of both. He could not, therefore, permit them to encounter with offensive weapons, but ordered a large bag to be produced. It was his decree, that whichever succeeded in putting his rival into this bag should obtain the hand of his daughter. This singular encounter be-

tween the two gentlemen took place in the face of the whole Court. The contest lasted for more than an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded, and the German, Ehberhard, Baron de Talbert, having planted his rival in the bag, took it upon his back, and very gallantly laid it at the feet of his mistress, whom he espoused the next day. Such is the story as gravely told by M. de St. Foix. It is impossible to say what the feelings of a successful combatant in duel may be on his having passed a small sword through the body, or a bullet through the thorax, of his antagonist; but might he not feel quite as elated, and more consoled, on having put his adversary "into a bag?" We wish our modern duellists could be made to fight after this fashion. We have no doubt that after a time it would become popular—as two thirds of our modern heroes would much rather be put into a bag than a coffin.

### A DAY AT CARTHAGE.

BY M. M. NOAH.

'Abdallah, tell Hahl to put the horses to the carriolet—we will ride to Carthage.'

'The horses, excellenza!' said Abdallah, with visible surprise and astonishment. 'Why not the animals?' for so he called the mules; 'it is degrading to hitch a noble creature like the horse, to a carriage; besides, *'alissimo senor, it is not usanca in this country.'*

Abdallah was an old Persian, who had been, for many years, dragoman to the consulate, and was brought to Tunis from Derne by General Eaton. His beard was gray and 'grisy,' a kind of pepper and salt, long and thick. Mussulmen generally appear much older than they really are; their dress, their shaven and turbaned head, their long, white beards, give to a man of sixty years, the appearance of eighty. Abdallah was the guard or porter; he was at his post always at dawn of day, with a little wicker basket, containing bread, a few olives, and, sometimes, fish; and he would carefully watch the entrance, until the voice of the faithful, from the minaret of the mosques, announced the setting sun and evening prayer. Hahl bro't forth the mules and harnessed them to the carriage. He was the second dragoman—a noble looking Turk, of twenty-two—nearly six feet in height—an intelligent, manly face, with fierce-looking mustaches—a short, curly beard, and an air of proud defiance. He hung his *yatagan* by his side, and tucked a pair of pistols in his girdle, and brought forth his horse. It was a splendid white Barbary courser, with long flowing tail and mane; the ends of which and the hoofs were tipped with a brown juice from the *henna*—his head hung down with a sleepy look, yet there was occasionally a fiery glance that shot from his eye—and he reared, and snorted, and sprang forth with energy as his manly rider vaulted on the high-peaked Moorish saddle.

Count Camilla Borgia, a Neapolitan general, and a descendant of the great Cæsar Borgia, a man of talent, and on his travels, seated himself with me in the carriage, and we passed through the heavy gates of Tunis, and entered on the level plains that lead to Carthage. It was a lovely day in May—the wild roses grew in abundance, throwing their rich fragrance around, and perfuming the air with a thousand odors; the grass was green and high, and the olive and corcob trees were in full blossom. What a splendid climate! How pure and balsamic was the soft breeze coming down from the snow-

capped mountains of Hamman Leef, and sweeping through the gorge across the ancient suburbs of Mendracium! Here was the broken line of that noble aqueduct which furnished Carthage with water from Zowan, (Zama)—the spot where the last great battle was fought between Hannibal and Scipio. In the distance, in front, were the three hills on which the once mighty city stood in all its glory—no vestige of the splendid temple of Esculapius, or the citadel of Byrsa was to be seen. A lonely tower, erected by the good St. Louis, of France, in which he died, serves to announce to the approaching ship, that this was the Promontorium Carthagea. We wound round the base of the mountain. It was scarcely ten o'clock, and we had the day before us. Near one of the ruins there were a few Arab tents—several women were weaving a kind of coarse cloth, with uncovered faces; some were attending to their goats—their eyes were dark as the gazelle's, and their complexions a deep olive, tinged and burnt with the sun. We mingled socially with these peasants, and one, whose regular features, and pretty mouth and teeth might have enchaind an anchorite, seated herself on the broken shaft of a column, and partook freely of the refreshments we had brought from the carriage. The Count was busy in sketching the scenery and objects around us, and the dragoman regarded me with great uneasiness, and told the Arab girl frequently to cover her face, which she laughingly refused to do.

'Excellenza, it is dangerous: it is not our custom. Should you be seen conversing with a Moslem woman, your life, my life, might be in danger.'

'Nonsense, nonsense, Hahl; no one is present but ourselves; no one can betray us; sit down and interpret to me what the wild girl of Carthage has to say.'

'Are you quite happy?'

'Certainly. Allah protects me—the sun that shines on you, shines also on me. Our goats are there—there also are the orange, the date and lemon tree. We weave our cloth, milk our goats, sleep in our tents, are here to-day, and to-morrow may be at Bizerta. We pay tribute to the kya, and no one disturbs us.'

'How prettily you talk. Were you ever in love?'

'Oh, always. I love my father, he is my lord—my mother, she is my mistress; I love my brother and Sidi Yusef, the mufti. I love my flock, I love the air, the sky, the spangles in the heavens, the flowers that bloom around me.'

She spoke rapidly, and her large, black melting eye flashed as she spoke with wildness and expression.

'It is another kind of love that I mean. You are not married?'

'No.'

'Have you a heart?'

'What is it?'

'The seat of life and happiness, of pain and anxiety; it throbs and beats in unison with our feelings. Give me your hand—there: do you not feel it beat?'

'Oh, is it that! I have one also—it beats just as yours: feel mine.'

The dragoman was quite uneasy at the reciprocal discovery of hearts which we were making, and paced rapidly to and fro, then stopped short again to translate from the Arabic the rapid sentences of the girl.

'If you had a husband surely you would love him better than the old mufti of your flock?'

'No, not so; we never seek our husbands; they

Where the bones of a navy lie around,  
Awaiting the stern trumpet's last sound.'

And yet who shall say, O Spirit of undying Love! that thy pathway is a fated, a joyless one! Who with a heart of feeling would exchange it for one of adamant? No! be mine that rich sunlight of existence, even though the shadows of care and sorrow shall fitfully and gloomily efface it! Assuredly, there was extacy even in the very despair of those two young hearts, so fond, so true, so all in all to each other, which had never visited the cold dreams of selfish aggrandizement of the heartless and mercenary parent! Ay, and when death shall have restored the captives—when eternity shall unveil its beatific glories—the one blissful moment of the reunion of two such kindred spirits shall outweigh in rapture the enjoyments of the cold, the worldly, and the calculating, throughout the wasteless ages of the Eternal Present.

**ELOQUENCE OF BOURDALOUE.**—In delivering his sermons, Bourdaloue used no action; Bossuet and Massillon used much; the action of the last was particularly admired. It produced an extraordinary effect, when he pronounced his funeral oration upon Lewis the Fourteenth. The church was hung with black, a magnificent mausoleum was raised over the bier, the edifice was filled with trophies and other memorials of the monarch's past glories, daylight was excluded, but innumerable tapers supplied its place, and the ceremony was attended by the most illustrious persons in the kingdom. Massillon ascended the pulpit, contemplated, for some moments, the scene before him, then raised his arms to heaven, looked down on the scene beneath, and, after a short pause, slowly said in a solemn, subdued tone, "God only is great!" With one impulse, all the auditory rose from their seats, turned to the altar and very reverently bowed.

Those, who read sermons merely for their literary merit, will generally prefer the sermons of Massillon to those of Bourdaloue and Bossuet.—But those who read sermons for instruction, and whose chief object in the perusal of them, is to be excited to virtue or confirmed in her paths, will generally consider Bourdaloue as the first of preachers, and every time they peruse him, will feel new delight.

When we recollect before whom Bourdaloue preached; that he had, for his auditors, the most luxurious court in Europe, and a monarch abandoned to ambition and pleasure, we shall find it impossible not to honor the preacher, for the dignified simplicity with which he uniformly held up to his audience the severity of the Gospel, and the scandal of the cross. Now and then, and ever with a very bad grace, he makes an unmeaning compliment to the monarch. On these occasions, his genius appears to desert him; but he never disguises the morality of the Gospel, or withholds its threats. In one of the sermons which he preached before the monarch, he described, with matchless eloquence, the horror of an adulterous life, its abomination in the eye of God, its scandal to man, and the public and private evils which attend it; but he managed his discourse with so much address, that he kept the king from suspecting that the thunder of the preacher was ultimately to fall upon him. In general Bourdaloue spoke in a level tone of voice, and with his eyes almost shut.—On this occasion having wound up the attention of the monarch and the audience to the highest

pitch, he paused. The audience expected something terrible, and seemed to fear the next word. The pause continued for some time; at length the preacher, fixing his eyes directly on his royal hearer, and in a tone of voice equally expressive of horror and concern, said, in the words of the prophet, "*thou art the man!*" then, leaving these words to their effect, he concluded with a mild and general prayer to heaven for the conversion of all sinners. A miserable courtier observed, in a whisper, to the monarch, that the boldness of the preacher exceeded all bounds, and should be checked. "No, sir," replied the monarch, "the preacher has done *his* duty, let us do *ours*." When the service was concluded, the monarch walked slowly from the church, and ordered Bourdaloue into his presence. He remarked to him, his general protection of religion, the kindness which he had ever shown to the Society of Jesus, his particular attention to Bourdaloue and his friends. He then reproached him with the strong language of the sermon: and asked him, what could be his motive for insulting him, thus publicly, before his subjects? Bourdaloue fell on his knees: "God is my witness, that it was not my wish to insult your majesty; but I am a minister of God, and must not disguise his truths. What I said in my sermon is my morning and evening prayer:—May God in his infinite mercy, grant me to see the day, when the greatest of kings shall be the holiest." The monarch was affected and silently dismissed the preacher: but, from this time, the court began to observe that change which afterward, and at no distant period, led Lewis to a life of regularity and virtue.

**NOVELS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.**—There was only one novel (strictly deserving this name) published more than a century ago, to which time but adds new attraction, and wider popularity—inimitable *Robinson Crusoe*!—the never-tiring delight of childhood!—the admiration of maturer years! It was published in 1719. But though it met with a ready sale, it conferred no immediate fame on its author. There was no daily press, to speak with its hundred tongues—no *Weekly Gazette*—nor *Monthly Magazine*—nor *Quarterly Review*, to inform reading millions of the advent of a new adventurer in the world of fiction. Twenty years afterwards, Pope could lampoon its gifted author in his *Dunciad*,

"Earless on high stands unabashed De Foe;"

little wotting, that posterity would ascribe to the afflicted and persecuted object of his scorn, a genius not inferior to his own. How the fastidious Band of Twickenham would have shuddered at this ideal!

But the writings of De Foe, and Swift, and a few others on fictitious subjects, are not admitted by the canons of criticism, among the English novels. Richardson is the true discoverer of this boundless realm of literature, on which so much genius, learning, and industry, have since been expended: but Pamela—the virtuous Pamela—did not make her appearance until 1741. A hundred years ago, then, there were no novels; and reader, gentle and fair! if you were told that the stars did not sparkle—the breezes did not murmur—the flowers shed no perfume—could you conceive of a world more desolate and cheerless? Unhappy Clarissa had not yet been tormented by the reckless Lovelace; the divine Clementina had not been crazed by the conflict of religion and love; Sir Charles Grandison had not bowed over the hand of Harriet Byron; Tom Jones had not exposed the foibles of Philosopher Square; Roderick Random and Strap had not

yet visited London; the Vicar of Wakefield had not held high converse on cosmogony, with Mr Ephraim Jenkinson; Uncle Toby had not been at the siege of Dunkirk; the Castle of Udolpho was untenanted; 'the Pytanees had no Romance'; there was no Man of Feeling—a hundred years ago!

What in the world did our little grandfathers and grandmothers talk about?

If our ancestors were unconscious of their deprivation, what would induce us, their descendants, to divest ourselves of the recollections and associations, connected with the names, which we have somewhat irreverently noticed? The progeny of genius, is far more familiar to us, than the—so called—real characters of history—far more fascinating—not less useful. Yet, are there still brighter names—more wondrous creation—colors more dazzling—in the magic world of mountain and moor—land and lake—castle and cottage—camp and court—feast and battle field—which rose under the spells of the enchanter of Scotland, and which will never fade.—*American Monthly.*

**CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.**—The works which have been written by Jacob Abbot, illustrative of the principles of Christian Duty and of Christian Truth, seem to us so capable of effecting much good, not only from the pure feeling and sentiment which prevail throughout them, but because the illustrations drawn from reason, nature and life, will necessarily make a deep impression on the mind. In the present number of the Examiner, some remarks are made respecting the excellencies and good qualities of Mr Abbot's productions, and an argument is also adduced to show in what instances the reviewer considers his ideas as erroneous and objectionable.

Article 2, in speaking of the *Manual Hebrew Grammar* by J. Seixas, contains some useful remarks with regard to the principles of instruction which are here advanced, and which we think likely to render the study of grammar more easy and more advantageous to the young student.

Article 3 is a review of the *Spirit of Hebrew Poetry*, by Herder; translated from the German by Professor Marsh. This work we have some time ago recommended to the attention of our readers, and we think they would be also interested in the paper which treats of the Life and character of this eminent German scholar. It is decidedly the most pleasing article we have met in this number of the Examiner, and we should be glad if we had space to offer some extracts to show the deep feeling, the pure principles and the charming enthusiasm of Herder. Some objections are made to the translation of Mr Marsh, although as a whole it is allowed to possess much merit. Mr Marsh is a fine scholar, and, while perusing the *Spirit of Hebrew Poetry*, we could not but admire the language and ideas, which although in some cases wanting the spirit of the original, were beautifully expressed. The remaining articles are—Recognition of Friends in Heaven—Divine Influence—Old English Sacred Poetry—Notices and Intelligence.

For the Traveller.

### EVENING MELODIES.

BY O. W. W.

*If all too much of Earth there be,*  
If all too much of Earth there be  
In feelings I have breathed to thee,  
If dreams that in my soul have dwelt,  
Seem wilder than thine own hath felt—  
O think how I have sought to be  
In every hope and dream like thee,  
And, when I heard thy sunny tone,  
Have wished my spirit like thine own!  
If sometimes I have dared to speak  
A word that crimsoned o'er thy cheek,  
If "dearest" be too fond a name  
For me to breathe or thee to claim—  
Yet think how I have checked each word,  
By which my lip, not heart, hath erred,  
And, in its pure and sinless tone,  
Have wished my spirit like thine own!  
If Love my wayward bosom move  
To aught thy heart may disapprove,  
If Passion and an earthly dream  
Within my soul a moment gleam—  
O think how much thou canst impart  
Of Virtue to my restless heart,  
And breathe a sweet and sunny tone,  
To make my spirit like thine own!

*Remember me, dearest.*

Remember me, dearest, as one who passed  
Like a vision across thy way,  
Who shunned thy smile, when its light was cast  
On the beautiful and the gay—  
Whose heart ne'er saddened thy young career  
In the glad and the brilliant hall,  
And yet, when thou wert to all most dear,  
Hath loved thee the best of all.  
Remember me then with a silent thought,  
Sometimes in thy hours of glee,  
As one whose spirit a moment caught  
A Vision of truth from thee!  
Who, though he turn from thy smile away,  
Will meet in its treasured gleam,  
A spell to brighten Life's fleeting ray;  
And illumine its fading dream!

**SATURDAY NIGHT.**—Perhaps the happiest moments of life are those that close the week. It is a wise decree of providence that makes toil the necessary precedent of rest, and privation the parent of pleasure. There are few who do not experience through the week toil and privation, and few who have not felt the grateful sense of confidence and comfort that creeps over the soul at its close. The burthen is thrown, not merely from the frame, but from the heart. The spirit frees itself from its encumbering cares, as the wearied horse shakes off its harness, and expatiates, with a grateful lassitude, in the luxury of conscious security and comfort.—Saturday night winds up "the ravell'd sleeve of care." The strife and bustle of the world are suspended. The poor man draws his breath freely for a while, nor fears the harsh voice or stony frown of his creditor. The merchant throws himself upon the sofa without thinking of the notes "due and coming due." The tradesman terminates his labors with a light spirit, for the sense of present ease is accompanied with the thoughts of a happy morrow; and the laborer sings as he turns his bronzed face homeward.

"The toil-worn cotter frae his labor goes,  
This night his weekly toil is at an end,  
Collects his spades, his mattocks and his hose,  
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,  
And weary, o'er the moor his course does hameward bend."

Saturday night has its own peculiar enjoyments, enjoyments which are most felt by those to whom toil and discomfort make joy a stranger. Look in at the fire side of the poor man on Saturday night, and you will see his brow relaxed, and his eye lit up with an unwonted smile. He gambols with his children, and lays down his head upon his pillow, without shuddering at the prospect of the morrow's toil. To the poor, Saturday night is an era of delight, a moment of sun-shine in a world of gloom, a period of freedom in a term of servitude, a season of rest and comfort in a life of wretchedness and toil.

Life too has its Saturday night. How sweet is the reflection that when the toils of existence, like those of the week, are terminated, when the sufferings which are woven with the tissue of life are at an end, and hope and fear cease to tantalize and torture the soul—that we will enjoy the rest and the slumber of the peaceful “Saturday night.” The grave is that resting place, and death the slumber—“where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.” Nor is that Saturday night without its Sabbath. To those who have performed “the duties of the week” the sun of that Sabbath will shine without setting. Who, that has felt the chill which congeals the hopes and affections of life, the dull, benumbing and withering influence of the world, can refrain from watching with longing eyes, the receding day, and looking with weary anxiety for the Saturday night of life? Sweet, as slumber to the sobbing babe, is rest to the heavy laden, and soft as the down of the cygnet, the pillow upon which his aching head is laid, and where

“After life’s fitful fever, he sleeps well.”

To such, and every walk of life is crowded with such,

“Death is the privilege of human nature,  
And life without it is not worth our taking;  
Thither the poor, the prisoner and the mourner,  
Fly for relief and lay their burthens down.”

**HOTTENTOT CHARACTER AND CONDITION.**—The Hottentots are possessed of acute, though not very powerful or durable feelings. Their character is one of singular weakness, joined to the most lively perceptions and observation of external things. Their reasoning powers are of a mean order. They have not a little cunning when their suspicions are excited; but they are habitually honest, sincere and confiding; and will rather steal than cheat. They are quick in noting peculiarities of character or manner, but are incapable of forming a chain of deductions from their observations. They are also peculiarly ignorant of relative value and numbers.—Out of a dozen Hottentots, I have found only one or two able to count to the number of twenty; and I remember one of them, who was by no means inferior in other respects, refusing to serve me for ten rix dollars a month, telling me that he had always got five from the Dutch. After vainly attempting to shew him his mistake, I was at last obliged to take him on his own terms. The Hottentots are fickle in the extreme; quitting on a sudden whither a place where they have been well fed and well treated for months, for another where they know they will be much worse off. If you ask them why they leave you, their usual answer is, ‘Almagui! mynheer, ik heb hier gewoest voor een halien jaar,’—‘Almighty! sir, I have been here for a whole year.’ If they have liked their situa-

tion, they will readily return to you again after they have had their ramble, and admit that they were great fools to change it, but that they were tired, and wanted to roam a little. The Hottentots are generous in the extreme to their friends and acquaintances, and can refuse them a share of nothing they possess. This is one cause of their poverty, and that so few of them acquire any considerable property of any kind. Oppression has drawn the bonds of union, closer between them, as is always the case in such circumstances. A Cape-Dutchman’s sympathies are confined to his own family; he knows not the feeling of friendship beyond the circle of his immediate relatives. But the Hottentots are like one large family, bound together by common injuries, common feelings, and common interest. This union constitutes their happiness: and of this comfort tyranny cannot deprive them. Theft is very uncommon among them, and they may be safely entrusted with any thing but intoxicating liquors, which they are not able to resist.

“The most amiable trait in the character of these people is their sincerity. It is a well known fact that a Hottentot when he is examined before a court of justice generally tells the whole truth without disguise, though he is certain that his own conviction and punishment will immediately follow his confession. So often have I observed this noble trait in their character, that I would at any time attach more credit to the assertion of a Hottentot regarding any simple matter of fact, than to the oath of one of the lower classes of our own countryman in the colony when they have any object to serve by deception.” I now come to the vices of the Hottentots. Though incapable of lasting resentment, they are passionate, savage, and cruel to their women and children on the slightest provocation. The men hardly ever come to blows in their quarrels; but the unhappy wife generally has to suffer for every temporary resentment of the husband, whether she has been the cause of it or not. On these occasions, the brutal husband often beats his wife in the most cruel manner, treads her under foot, and uses her in a way that would be death to a more delicate female. The wife, on her part, is by no means deficient in the artillery of her sex, and uses her other natural weapons with great effect, scratching, biting, and tearing the hair with the most undaunted courage, until she sinks to the ground with exhaustion; but the tongue still wags with unabated volubility in an overwhelming torrent of oaths and contumelious terms, which aggravates her punishment, until the infuriated husband is driven half-rinsed with disappointed rage. Contrary to the well established maxim applied to such cases, I have interfered to prevent fatal consequences; but, finding that only tended to increase the evil, I was reluctantly compelled to allow them to belabor each other in their own way.

These shocking scenes are generally occasioned by drinking, to which vice they are very much addicted. Intoxication seems to have a much more infuriating effect on savages than on civilized men, which is simply because they are less habituated to self-restraint. It is for the same reason that a vulgar person may easily be distinguished from a gentleman under the like circumstances, and that the effects of intemperance are more pernicious to the former than to the latter. There is however nothing rude in the manners of the Hottentots on ordinary occasions: they are extremely affectionate, and are very delicate in avoiding causes of offence, never contradicting or interrupting each other in



conversation, unless they are excited by violent passions. Their conversation is at the same time coarse and unrefined, though less so than that of the Cape Dutch. Polygamy seems never to have been in use among them; and I have often been told by aged Hottentots that illicit correspondence between the sexes was formerly very rare, and severely punished by their laws. The superstitious respect which savages entertain for men of a different color has been made a powerful engine of corruption against them; and European nations, instead of improving their morals, have become the active agents of their debasement. Most of the Hottentots within the boundaries of the colony are more or less of mixed race, arising chiefly from the connexion of white men with Hottentot women.

The older Hottentots are, however, generally of a purer race; which shows that their corruption has been gradually increasing since the first settlement of the colony. The women seldom repel the advances of white men, for whom they have a decided personal preference, and they are generally faithful to them while the connexion subsists: they are so proud of these temporary engagements that they seldom consent to live with one of their own nation afterwards. It may seem somewhat extraordinary to Europeans, but it is nevertheless true, that the colonists, both Dutch and English, are very partial to the female Hottentots. This, of course, is carefully concealed by the Dutchmen from their wives; and they apply the most opprobrious epithets and affect the greatest disgust to the persons of the Hottentots on all occasions. Some of the features of these people do not certainly agree with the commonly received ideas of beauty; but they have expressive eyes and a liveliness and grace of carriage that render them far from being unattractive. The colonial female Hottentots, indeed, are often strikingly elegant in their proportions, and they have all that lightness and ease in their motions for which all savages are remarkable: we need not, therefore, wonder that they are often preferred to the clumsy, torpid and insensible Dutch women, with their stony eyes and jealous domineering manners. The offspring of the Dutch by the Hottentot women are distinguished for uniting in the vices of both races. In point of understanding, they are superior to the Hottentots; and, by what I have seen of them, I should think that under other circumstances, many of them would show a decided superiority over the Dutch: they assume it over the Hottentots, with whom they live, and hate the white population to whose society they never aspire: they are also a taller and stouter race than the Hottentots, and share, in some degree, in the constitutional tendency of the Dutch to corpulence. The intermixture of races seems to improve the intellectual powers as much as it does the bodily proportions. The true Hottentots are a small and slight race, with acute senses and lively and irritable tempers. People of this description seldom become corpulent; and I have never seen an instance of a Hottentot man becoming absolutely fat, though it is not at all rare among the females.

**FACULTIES OF THE EAR.**—It is extraordinary what an effort nature makes upon the loss of sight to restore the deficiency by sharpening the sense of hearing and touch; as in the case of Huber the great naturalist, who has made so many discoveries in the minutiae of insects; and also of Mr Goff, of Kendal, an eminent botanist, who can tell the name or species of any plant or flower by the

touch. Dr Darwin informs us, in his *Zoonomia*, that the late Justice Fielding walked for the first time into his room, when he once visited him, and after speaking a few words, said, "this room is twenty-two feet long, eighteen wide, and twelve high," all of which he guessed by the ear. Blind people have a peculiar method of presenting the ear and in some cases acquire the power of moving it when much interested. The incessant use they make of it gives them an indescribable quickness; they judge of every thing by sound; a soft sonorous voice with them is the symbol of beauty; and so nice a discernor is a blind person of the accents of speech, that through the voice he fancies he can see the soul. Sir John Fielding possessed a great faculty of this sort; and he could recollect every thief that had been brought before him by the tone and accent of his voice for more than forty years.—*Gardiner's Music of Nature.*

**NUMBER OF LIVING BEINGS.**—The immense multitude of animated beings which people the earth, and the ample provision which is made for their necessities, furnish irresistible evidence of the Divine goodness. It has been ascertained that more than sixty thousand species of animals inhabit the air, the earth and the waters, besides many thousand which have not come within the observation of the naturalist. On the surface of the earth, there is not a patch of ground, nor portion of water, a single shrub, tree, or herb, and scarcely a leaf in the forest, but what teems with animated beings. How many hundreds of millions have their dwellings in caves, in the clefts of rocks, in the bark of trees, in the ditches, in marshes, in the forests, the mountains, and the valleys! What innumerable shoals of fishes inhabit the ocean, and sport in the seas and rivers! What millions of millions of birds and flying insects, in endless variety, wing their flight through the atmosphere above and around us! Were we to suppose that each species, on an average, contains four hundred millions of individuals, there would be 24,000,000,000 or 24 billions of living creatures, belonging to all the known species which inhabit the different regions of the world, besides the multitude of unknown species yet undiscovered, which is *thirty thousand times* the number of all the human beings that people the globe. Besides these, there are multitudes of animated beings which no man can number, invisible to the unassisted eye, and dispersed through every region of the earth, air, and seas. In a small stagnant pool, which in summer appears to be covered with a green scum, there are more microscopic animalcules than would out-number all the inhabitants of the earth. How immense then must be the collective number of these creatures throughout every region of the earth and atmosphere! It surpasses all our conceptions. Now, it is a fact, that from the elephant to the mite—from the whale to the oyster—from the eagle to the gnat, or the microscopic animalcule—no animal can subsist without nourishment. Every species too requires a different kind of food. Some live on grass, some on shrubs, some on flowers, and some on trees. Some feed only on the roots of vegetables, some on the stalk, some on the leaves, some on the fruit, some on the seed, some on the whole plant; some prefer one species of grass, some another.

Yet such is the undoubted munificence of the Creator, that all the myriads of sentient beings are amply provided for, and nourished by his bounty! "The eyes of all these look unto him, and he open-

eth his hand, and satisfieth the desires of every living thing." He has so arranged the world, that every place affords the proper food for all the living creatures with which it abounds. He has furnished them with every organ and apparatus of instruments for gathering, preparing, and digesting their food, and has endowed them with admirable sagacity in finding out and providing their nourishment, and in enabling them to distinguish between what is salutary and what is pernicious.—In the exercise of these faculties, and in all their movements, they appear to experience a happiness suitable to their nature.

The young of all animals, in the exercise of their newly acquired faculties, the fishes sporting in the waters, the birds skimming in the sky, and warbling in the thickets, the gamesome cattle browsing in the pastures, the wild deer bounding through the forests, the insects gliding through the air and along the ground, proclaim by the variety of their movements, and their various tones and gesticulations, that the exercise of their powers is connected with enjoyment. In this boundless scene of beneficence we behold a striking illustration of the declaration of the inspired writers, that "the Lord is good to all," that "the earth is full of his riches," and that "his tender mercies are all over all his works."

Such are a few evidences of the benevolence of the Deity, as displayed in the arrangements of the material world. However plain and obvious they may appear to a reflecting mind, they are almost entirely overlooked by the bulk of mankind, owing to their ignorance of the facts of natural history and science, and the consequent inattention and apathy with which they are accustomed to view the objects of the visible creation. Hence they are incapacitated for appreciating the beneficent character of the Creator, and the riches of his munificence, and incapable of feeling those emotions of admiration and *gratitude* which an intellectual contemplation of the scene of nature is calculated to inspire.—*Dick's Improvement of Society.*

## A WESTERN STORY.

### FOUNDED ON FACT.

The State of Georgia is one of those warm cotton-planting regions where negroes live and labor. The white population, of course, fill the offices of Church and State and attend to the merchandize of the land. Mr. Henry Lossley was the son of a gentleman who was in but moderate circumstances. He was raised in the general custom of raising children among the southern planters; he received a tolerable education and some knowledge of book-keeping, having spent a few months in the house of N—, in the town of A—. In the nineteenth year of his age, he formed an attachment for Miss Mary Lansing, a lady of some accomplishments and great personal beauty—but her patrimony was small. They were frequently in each other's company, and every time they met their mutual attachment increased. They often spoke of their affection for each other, and lamented that their prospects were not such as to justify a connection for life. Thus matters went on with them for several years, till at length, finding it impossible for them to be happy unless in each other's society, they determined to cast their lots together, and if they should not be able to move through the world in the style they could wish, at all events they could support themselves decently; so they were united by that tie which is the most

sacred and endearing that can be formed in this life.

For some months after their union they did not seem sensible of their want of pecuniary means; but it soon became evident that they would have to gain support by their actual labor; and it was also certain that in Georgia they could not do more than obtain a mere subsistence, and at last, in old age, be without any settled home, to which they did not seem willing to submit. It was thought best that Mr Lossley should travel into some new country, get a piece of land, make some little improvement on it, and then return to carry out his companion. Many were the anxious thoughts that filled their bosoms—the husband had his fears lest he should fail in obtaining a pleasant home for his beloved one whom he was about to leave behind; and the wife already began to count the months, the weeks and even the days she should be left, as it were, alone in the world—while, on the other hand, they both looked forward with pleasure on the time, when in a new country, growing with its growth and strengthening with its strength, they should rise to a state of importance in the world.

The time of separation at last arrived; and Mr Lossley, after embracing the best of all earthly friends, gave the parting hand, took his journey, not knowing certainly whither he was going. He travelled to the State of Kentucky and was about contracting for a piece of land in the neighborhood of where the town of H— is now built. He availed himself of the first opportunity of writing a few lines to his companion in order to let her know where he was and what he was doing.

This letter never reached the beloved object for whom it was intended—but fell into the hands of one, *whose name will be revealed in that day.* Suffice it to say, there was one with whom Mr Lossley had been a competitor. An answer came—but not from Mrs Lossley, but apparently from her father, with whom he left her during his absence. *Oh, horrid letter, never shall I forget its language!*

"DEAR SON—Your wife took sick about a week after your departure. At first we did not entertain any fears concerning her. After some days her brain became affected, and she lost her reason, and while in this situation she called every person who was in attendance on her, and came to see her 'Henry!' A short time before her death she came to herself, and seemed to have but one desire to live, *which was to see you!* and her last sentence was, '*Oh my dear Henry! and shall I see him no more in this life!*' and breathed her last."

On the reception of this letter, Mr Lossley became almost desperate. His whole amount of earthly good seemed to be cut off at one stroke. He made several attempts to answer the letter, but found it impossible to write on such a painful subject. He became a solitary man—being in a land of strangers—and had no person to whom he could unbosom himself; and though grief is fond of company, yet he had to share his alone. The thought of returning to the place where he had so often beheld the fair face and lovely form of his now lost Mary, without being able to see her, he could not bear; and having left but little behind, save his companion, that was of any consequence to him, he gave up the idea of returning. Neither had he any disposition to settle himself, and finding that he could sustain his grief better when travelling than in any other way, he wandered off without any settled point of destination. At length he found himself at the Lead Mines in

Missouri. But he yet beheld objects that reminded him of his loss, which induced him to sink still deeper into the bosom of the great forest; so he joined himself to a company of fur traders, and shaped his course to the Rocky Mountains.

It was the custom of the company to post a watch at night, which was agreed to be taken by turns—yet for some time, Lossley volunteered his services every night, so that when his companions were asleep he would look on the moon and stars which shone on him when he, with his fair one hanging on his arm, used to take their little evening excursions. The scream of panthers did not interrupt him, while for the lamentations of the owl he had a particular fondness, and rarely for months did he take his departure from a camping place without leaving the letter 'M. L.' on some one of the hitherto undisturbed trees of the forest.

He passed nearly two years among the North Western Indians. The hardships he endured—the dangers through which he passed—all had a tendency to call off his mind from former sorrows, and the females that he sometimes looked upon were so unlike his Mary, that by the time he returned to Missouri he had, in some degree, obtained his former cheerfulness. But no sooner did he enter the settlements, where again he beheld the fair faces and graceful forms, than a recollection of his departed Mary returned. But the roll of years at length wore away his grief; and finding at last an object on which he could place his affections, he again entered into a married connection. From the time that he left his companion in Georgia till he married his second wife, it was about five years.

But what shall we say about Mrs Lossley—for strange to tell, she yet lived! Weeks, months and years passed by; but had brought her no tidings of her absent husband. Post offices were examined—but no letters came. His name was looked for in the public prints—but could not be found. Travellers were inquired of—but to no avail! Not a word could she hear of him. At length she gave him up as dead, and conceived of his death in many ways; at one time she would fancy she could see his bones at the bottom of some stream, in which he had been drowned in attempting to cross; again she could see him in some lonely spot,—murdered by robbers, or destroyed by Indian violence; and at other times she would fancy she saw him languish on some foreign bed, and after a long and lingering illness, fall into the grave amongst strangers! A thousand times she looked out the way she saw him depart, and mourned him dead till time had dried away her tears.

After a lapse of seven long years after the departure of Mr Lossley, Mr Starks offered his hand in marriage to Mrs Lossley; and—as it was firmly believed by herself and friends that he was dead—Mr Starks being a gentleman worthy of her, she accepted the offer and they were married.

At this time Mr Lossley was living with his second wife in the State of Missouri, where he continued to live for something like eighteen years. About fourteen years after his marriage his second wife died—and he was left with two children, a son and a daughter. The daughter was the eldest and took charge of her father's house—but in little more than three years after the death of her mother she married and moved to North Alabama, and her father and little brother went with her.

In the mean time Mrs Starks had lost her hus-

band and father, and having but one child, and that a little daughter, she removed to North Alabama also, to live with an aged uncle, who was living in that part of the country;—so that Mr Lossley & Mrs Starks became neighbors—and they became acquainted with each other as *Colonel Lossley*, (this title he had obtained when among the fur traders) and *Mrs Starks*. They soon formed an attachment for each other, and Colonel Lossley eventually offered her his hand in marriage, which she accepted! It is to be observed that during the whole of their intercourse they both took great care never to mention any circumstance connecting itself with their first marriage, and both passed for having been married but once—they had both been so very cautious on this subject, that the slightest trace of their former acquaintance was not discovered until the night before the marriage was to have been solemnized. Perhaps the sacred fount of their former sorrows was sealed too deep to be readily broken up again by either of them.

The night before marriage as they were conversing alone, the Colonel remarked that he expected to be a little frightened on the next evening—saying, with him, the older the worse—'for,' said he, 'when I married the first time, I was not so much embarrassed as when I was married last!'—to which Mrs Starks replied by saying 'You have been married twice it seems?' The Colonel tried at first to change the subject of the conversation, but soon found that would not do—and knowing it would have to come out sooner or later, he went into a detail of all the circumstances connected with his first marriage, giving names and dates!—This was a subject on which the Colonel was eloquent. He remarked that his long-lost Mary was never out of his mind for one hour at a time; owing to that fact he had often spoke of her to those who never heard of her and could not enter into the conversation with him. He went on to state that she was his Rachel—his first choice—the companion of his youth; having taken hold of his feelings at such an early age, the impression was indelible, and a recollection of her name could never be erased from his mind—and though, said he, 'I have passed through the town, and the country, the dreary wilderness; through winter, through summer; amid friends and foes; through health and affliction, through smiles and frowns—yet I have ever borne painted upon my imagination the image of my lamented Mary.' Here the mists began to gather in the eyes of the Colonel, and for a few moments a death-like silence prevailed. At length looking upon his intended bride, he saw that she had taken more than usual interest in the relation he had been making. He then broke the silence by saying, 'you must forgive me for the kind remembrance I bear for the beloved companion of my youth.' While he was uttering this sentence Mrs Starks swooned away, and would have fallen from her seat had not the Colonel supported her. While she lay in this death-like state, many were the reflections which passed thro' the mind of Colonel Lossley. First supposing that as he had for a time kept this secret from her, and at last divulged it without intending to do so, it might have had a tendency to destroy her confidence in him, or to fear that his affections were so much placed upon the memory of his first wife that it would be impossible for him to adore her as he ought, these and many other thoughts of a like kind rushed through his mind, and he but awaited the return of the power of utterance on the part of Mrs Starks to hear her renounce him forever. But, oh! how

mistaken were his fears! No sooner was she roused from her swoon than she threw her arms around his neck, and resting her head upon his bosom, sobbed like a child, crying out, *'Oh my husband! my husband!'* The Colonel being much astonished, inquired rather hastily what she meant? With her hands still resting on his shoulders—with a countenance beaming with joy and suffused with tears—she exclaimed, with a half choked utterance, *'I am your Mary! your long lost Mary! and you are my Henry, whom I mourned as dead for these twenty years!'*

The joy became mutual. That night and the next day were spent in relating the circumstances which transpired with them during their separation, and in admiring the Providence that brought them together. On the next evening those bidden to the marriage attended. The parson came—but there was no service for him to render. The transported couple informed the assembly that they had been lawfully married twenty years before, and gave a brief outline of their history, and entered into the hilarity of the evening with a degree of cheerfulness unusual to them.

We will close by saying they are now doing well for time and eternity.

## SONG,

BY J. MAXWELL.

Oh! come again to me, my love,  
Oh! come again to me,  
For I am very sorrowful  
When parted, love, from thee!  
Like a deserted child, that seeks  
In vain its mother's breast,  
Or a lone bird, whose mate hath flown  
To some more dear one's nest.

Then meet me in the green wood lane  
Where we so oft have met,  
I'll tell thee how my heart hath grieved  
For joys 'twill ne'er forget.  
I'll shew thee how the sunless flowers  
Droop mournfully and pale;  
I'll shew thee Autumn's faded leaves—  
They tell mine own sad tale.

I'll shew to thee the dewy tears  
That lave each flower's eye;  
I'll bid thee list the wailing, as  
The weary grass doth sigh;  
I'll bid thee gaze upon my brow,  
Which peace hath left a wreck;  
For well I know thy sunny looks  
Will lure the wanderer back.

Then, come, I'll lead thee to the stile  
Where we've oft lingered long,  
And blent our tearful murmurs with  
The cuckoo's plaintive song;  
Yes, come!—and I will tell thee, love,  
What only sighs may speak;  
Or, brooding o'er its silent grief,  
My lonely heart will break.

**WITS OF QUEEN ANNE'S REIGN.**—The band of wits who have rendered so illustrious the reign of Anne—Addison, Steele, Gay, Prior, Swift, Arbuthnot, Bolingbroke, Pope, and their associates, had, in 1735, been wasted and thinned by Time, whose step is alike unerring and whose scythe is equally unsparing in every age. Gay died [when his celebrated comedy began to remunerate him for his previous misfortunes. Steele—the careless yet magnanimous Sir Richard—was no more.—Aterbury—"the mitred Rochester"—had expired in unmerited exile. The gentle spirit of Addison,

who had taught his cotemporaries how to live, had also (in the beautiful language of his eulogist) "taught them how to die." Arbuthnot—the witty, the humorous, the learned and generous Arbuthnot—was sinking under the disease, that rendered "Euthanssia," as he said, the only wish his friends should prefer for him. Bolingbroke had passed through the extremes of his eventual life. Parliamentary influence—oratorical fame—official power—the imminent scaffold and compulsory exile were over, leaving him thenceforth to affect philosophy, and nourish personal and political malignity, and assail religion. The stern intellect of Swift, preserved as yet, its masculine force; but savage misanthropy had become its absorbing sentiment, and prevent shadows announced the approach of the dark disease, which ultimately rendered this scorner of mankind, himself 'a driveller and a show.'

Pope, however, remained in the meridian of his life—in the blaze of his fame—in the full exercise of his power. Having impaled the whole host of dunces, with the shafts of his satire, he was now moralizing his song, and giving to the world his Essay on Man.

The lapse of a century constitutes us, perhaps, the posterity to whose judgment these writers so often appealed; and if the respective present popularity of these authors, be the true test of their merits, their relative station has been indeed much altered by time. Steele has dropped entirely out of public view. Prior has grown obscure in the distance. Since the taste of our day has endured the revival of highwaymen's exploits and tolerated the brutal slang of the bridewell, and the bagnio, there seems no reason why the Beggar's Opera of Gay, should have gone into comparative obscurity, while Paul Clifford, and Rockwood, without a title of its wit, or an atom of its versimilitude, find numerous admirers. Captain Macheath has no mawkish sentiment, nor improbable refinement, nor impossible manners; and his careless profligacy, and sparkling wit, with "his pistol that never misses fire, and his mare that never slips a shoulder," might render him a classical rogue. We fear our favorite Arbuthnot is not read as he ought to be. His "History of John Bull" has been imitated and travestied so often, that we forget the happy conception of the allegory, and the merit of its execution; and Martinus Scriblerus has not so many disciples as he ought to have.

There is a beautiful halo around the name of Addison. We think of him as a being of gentle manners, and attractive morality, and graceful piety; but his reputation for genius is not what it was, a hundred years ago. His Cato is preserved from utter oblivion, only by our school-boys, who declaim the stoic's dying speech. Two little hymns are all that is popular of his poetry. The infinite expansion of periodical literature, in the last twenty years, has thrown the *Spectators* into the shade. But *Sir Roger de Coverly* will be immortal. The representative of a class of men, who have passed away, and of a mode of life which will never exist again; the delineator of refined simplicity—of gentle chivalry—of amiable and not unnatural eccentricity—he will be admired when the portraits of Kneller shall have mouldered, and forever preserve the name of his delineator from oblivion.

On the remaining triumvirate of hardier nature, and loftier genius,—Pope, Bolingbroke, and Swift—the effect of time has also been unequal. He to whom the others deferred—the titled author—

has fared the worst. His political writings have sunk into annihilation. On reading his "Patriot King," and "Thoughts on Exile," we ask with wonder, what could so acute a critic as Chesterfield find in their rapid and pointless verbiage, to recommend as models to his son? More subtle sceptics, and bolder infidels, have crowded his philosophical writings into the obscurity of the most cobwebbed shelves of our libraries.—And when another century shall have revolved, the "all-accomplished St. John" will perhaps only be known by the verse in which Pope affected to ask for himself, no other future recognition than as the dependant upon his "Guide, Philosopher, and Friend." But why has Swift, whose burning sarcasm, and poignant wit, and piercing argument and vigorous style, have no superior in the whole circle of English literature, also subsided from his eminence of fame? His "Tale of a Tub," is not read. His "conduct of the Allies," which upheld a ministry, is forgotten. His "Draper's Letters," which made him the O'Connell of the day, are buried in obscurity. "Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment?"—The answer perhaps is, that human feeling has avenged the outrages upon itself; and he, who could find in his fellows nothing to love or admire, is for that reason, with all his genius, deprived of the love and admiration of his kind. It is by the writings of Alexander Pope, that the lighter literature of England, in the beginning of the past century, chiefly exercises influence on the present. His writings have stood the test of time. The monument of his fame is "a solid fabric, and will support the laurels that adorn it." The controversialist, who would point a period, resorts to his satires. The philosopher who would clothe an apothegm, borrows from his essay. And—what perhaps is the highest praise of all—his lines, his sparkling phrases, have passed into the current language of the day, and become household terms.—*American Monthly.*

**THE COLISEUM.**—Leaving every relic, we at length approach the Coliseum, with awe and wonder. For two thousand years has this gentle sun been shining down upon it. It is colossal in sublimity, and all previous descriptions cannot keep you from being thrown off your guard by the first sight of it. You survey its vast extent, you lift your wondering eyes to its gigantic summit, you glance into its arena, you behold the immense blocks of Travertino piled up on each other against the sky, you fancy it in the days of its glory, crowded with its hundred thousand spectators, with its roaring beasts, with its gladiatorial conflicts, its cruel sands washed with the mingled blood of man and brute. The grandeur of this vast structure, both from its immensity as a monument of human labor, and the tremendous lesson it reads to nations and to men, awes, dazzles and overwhelms the mind. The most beautiful freshness of nature is around it, and a deep silence reigns far and wide. The turmoil of the modern city does not reach this consecrated spot. We lingered about it till the sun levelled his rays from the west. I never saw a more tranquil and delicious afternoon. We walked around it, through and into it, with wonder and awe, which increased with every step and every glance. Nothing can be more singularly mournful and eloquent, than the loneliness and bashful stillness in such a

place and such a ruin. It is a romantic contrast to nature and to its own purposes. A monument of imperial power and triumph, is but a bowed wreck; around stretch galleries to accommodate thousands of the gay, yet there the weed springs from year to year, and the wild bird flies and warbles unscared; reared to gratify the pride of the Roman people, their descendants, fallen to beggars and cripples and covered with rags, lie stretched in the sunshiny shelter beneath a long arch, or by a broken column, apt emblems of this prodigy of architecture, and of the wrecked and wretched country which gave it birth. Here and there, within and without, artists in different attitudes; a lady from a carriage, another seated on a rock, were transferring the majestic, the gigantic and sublime reality to paper. The pictures give a tolerable idea of its shape; but they can convey no adequate impressions of its tremendous size and massiveness. Upon the lofty summit lie square blocks of stone, of immense weight and magnitude, which seem actually balanced in the air, broken, crushed, and tottering; you tremble to walk under it lest the passing breeze should topple down its walls headlong.

The last gleams of yellow sunshine had faded from its rent top, and the shadows of a moonless evening were thickening around us before we could withdraw our fascinated steps from this momentous pile. At length we turned away from its grandeur and desolation, its solitude, silence, and decay; its overrunning vines, its rank weeds, and all the mighty world of thoughts which consecrate its lonely walls, and retracing our way by the arches of Titus, Constantine, and Septimius Severus, the palace of the Cæsars, the temples of Romulus and Remus, the forum and thrilling groups of shattered columns, we left the capitol dim behind us, and returned to our pleasant books and cheerful fires.—*T. S. Fay.*

**INGENUITY OF RATS.**—The rat, that "hateful and rapacious creature," as Goldsmith honestly designates it, formerly abounded in prodigious numbers in Inverness, and a traveller, about the year 1730, describes his surprise at witnessing the flocks of them which used to sally out into the streets in the morning twilight, after dry weather succeeded by a shower of rain. It is related that about this period, when the rats increased to a great degree in some small villages in the Highlands, and found it difficult to subsist, they used to creep into the manes and tails of the *garrows* or ponies, (which were then generally matted and tangled, being seldom subjected to the comb) and in this way were transported to other places, to plant new colonies or find fresh quarters. This mode of conveyance was certainly dexterous and ingenious; but did our readers ever see or hear of a party of rats stealing eggs? The process is this. The roost being discovered and the rats mustered, one of the fraternity, generally of goodly port and dimensions, lies down on his back, and holds the egg within his four limbs, embracing it closely and cordially. His brethren then pull him off by the tail, each taking his turn in dragging the live machine, like the populace at the carriage of a 'great man,' who, it is probable, may be of a kindred species, the rat species, the rat political. A gentleman in the country informed us the other day, that he was greatly amused at observing one morning the dexterity and perfect fairness with which a small band of these noxious intruders were feasting in his dairy. A

pretty capacious dish of milk had been set out to cream, and the rats, finding the prize, immediately commenced superseding the labors of the dairy maid. One of them stood up against the dish, and another mounted his shoulder in due form, like school-boys preparing to plunder an apple tree. He then whisked his tail over the luscious surface of the bowl, and turning round held it out to his expectant companions below, who stripped it of its milky treasure. This was repeated for some time; then another took his place, occasionally shifting the position, and after they had all skimmed the dish and regaled their series, they scampered off in the morning sunshine to burrow in their holes and corners.—*Inverness Courier*.

## THE DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

A NEW ENGLAND TALE.

There lived, about eighteen years ago, in a small valley bordering on the east bank of the Moustonic river, in the state of Connecticut, Zedekiah Raymond, a substantial Yankee farmer, who had amassed a handsome fortune by the industry and economy of himself, his wife, and an only son, named Josey, who was the survivor of six children. Of course he was a favorite with his parents, who gave him an education at least equal to any of his neighbors; and his Sunday clothes outshone them all. Although he claimed no superiority over the poorest of his associates, still he was looked upon by many with an eye of envy. Though not tainted with impudence, he was destitute of that awkward bashfulness which characterizes so many of the sons of New England who are strangers to the varied ways of a varying world.

At the time our story commences, he was twenty-two years of age. While sitting one cold evening with his parents round a sparkling fire, regaling themselves with apples, nuts and cider, as is customary at that season with every New England farmer—old Zedekiah (for so he was familiarly called by his neighbors) thus addressed his son:—

'Josey, you know that I am getting old.'

'Yes, sir.'

'And your mother is getting old too, and is no longer able to attend to the dairy, and do all the other work about the house, as she used to do.—Don't you understand me, Josey?'

Josey looked at the fire for a full minute, without scarcely winking, and then fell to work, and ate at least a dozen large apples, drank a pint of cider, and cracked a quart of nuts before he said a word.

'Daddy, I don't know as I exactly comprehend what you mean, but I kinder guess that mother wants somebody to help her about the house. Aint that it, daddy?'

'Exactly, Josey, and you know that good hired girls are hard to be got.'

And so are good wives, thought Josey.

'Now, Josey, can't you find some nice tidy girl, that you would like well enough to—to—'

'To marry,' said the old lady, 'finishing the question.'

Josey ate another apple, took another glass of cider, and laid some wood on the fire.

'Yes, Josey, you're quite old enough to settle in life; you will be well provided for—and now is the time. Your mother and I married at nineteen, without a dollar to begin with; and we've never been sorry for it yet,—have we Lucy?'

'No, Zeddy, not as I know of.'

'But, daddy, how'll I go to work to pick one?'

I like all the gals well enough, but hang me if I can tell which I like best. I'd rather undertake to pick a good yoke of oxen out of five hundred.—(However, I'll look at all the gals in the meetin' house, and maybe I can pitch upon one that I'll be willin' to try for.)

Here the party broke up, and the trio retired to rest.

Perhaps there is not a class of people in the civilized world so uniformly contented and happy as the peasantry of New England. They retire early to rest; their sleep is sweet; they rise early; and resume their accustomed avocations with smiling countenances; indexes of hearts unscathed by care. In the family of Zedekiah Raymond, however, this night formed a trifling exception. The old woman's curiosity was excited, as to whom Josey would select for her daughter-in-law. She canvassed, in her own mind, the characters and apparent dispositions of every girl in the parish; and could think of but two whom she would like to see become members of her family. Would Josey choose either of them? This was a query which kept her awake till midnight. Zedekiah was at first a little restless, but soon 'resolved,' as Congressmen say, 'to postpone the further consideration of the subject till to-morrow,' and fell asleep.

Not so with Josey. Before he had been in bed five minutes, he made a selection, fell asleep mechanically, and slept soundly till breakfast.

'There is nothing like taking time by the forelock,' thought Josey. Acting on this principle he did a full day's work at chopping wood before three o'clock in the afternoon;—immediately after which time, his mother's curiosity was more excited than ever, at finding him in the act of brushing the dust from his Sunday suit, polishing his boots, adjusting his hair before the looking glass, and smoothing down his new napped hat with a silk handkerchief.

'What's in the wind now Josey,' inquired she, 'that you're taking all this trouble?'

'Why, I am going to singing school.'

She said no more, but could not help thinking that she would like to know more about it.

While Josey is tackling old Dobbin into a beautiful *pung*, we must introduce our heroine to our readers. She was neither handsome nor homely, neither rich nor poor, but a plain, industrious girl of seventeen, without either pride or ostentation—a girl whose sole ambition was to please all with whom she associated. In this she was uniformly successful, and thus, unwittingly, won the heart of many a swain. Such briefly was Polly Bronson, whom Josey had resolved to woo.

It was scarcely dark, when our hero was seen tying old Dobbin to a stake in front of Squire Bronson's. A slight tap at the door with the but end of his sleigh whip elicited the usual answer of 'walk in'; and Joseph soon found himself by the Squire's fireside.

'Mrs. Bronson,' said he, 'will you let Polly go with me to the singing school to-night?'

'I've no objection at all, Josey, if she's willing.'

No more was said:—Polly blushed a little, but proceeded forthwith, to prepare herself.

The moon shone brightly, and though scarcely a breath of wind was perceptible, the keen air of a January night, and a good road, seemed to Josey to give wings to old Dobbin, and he found himself at the school-house before he could muster courage sufficient to say a dozen words to his companion. 'Confound the beast,' thought he, 'I never knew her to go so fast before, but I'll pay her